Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

MAY

15¢

MARIAN SHOCKLEY

T ME DRY YOUR TEARS — A Story for Everyone Who Has Loved

Real Life Color Pictures of

HE LONE RANGER • THOSE WE LOVE • MR. & MRS. NORTH

Camay Complexions go on Honeymoons!

Tonight, go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice gives fresher, smoother skin

IS THERE a man in your mind—in your heart—that should be in your life? Win him with your new loveliness—a skin more enchantingly clear and fresh . . . day-by-day. *Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.*

For as Mrs. Perrin and hundreds of lovely brides so freely admit—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped them to new loveliness—just as it can help *you.*

And to this proof of brides . . . add the advice of leading skin specialists! Yes—skin specialists definitely advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier.

Do start tonight!

Get Camay and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Give up those improper cleansing methods. Once you change to Camay . . . you'll see dry flakiness, oiliness, roughness lessen.

Feel the softer, *smoother* touch of your skin. Be faithful to Camay . . . day-by-day, you'll see your skin is lovelier . . . till new beauty is yours!

YOU . . . and the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

You do this:

—IF YOUR SKIN'S DRY!
Night and morning, cream Camay's mild lather over your face. Use lukewarm water—lukewarm rinses.

—IF YOUR SKIN'S OILY
Twice daily, use Camay lather—with a rough cloth. Concentrate on nose, chin. Rinse warm. Splash cold—30 seconds!

—IF YOUR SKIN'S NORMAL
Lucky lady—risk no soap less mild than Camay. This twice-a-day beauty cleansing just suits you.

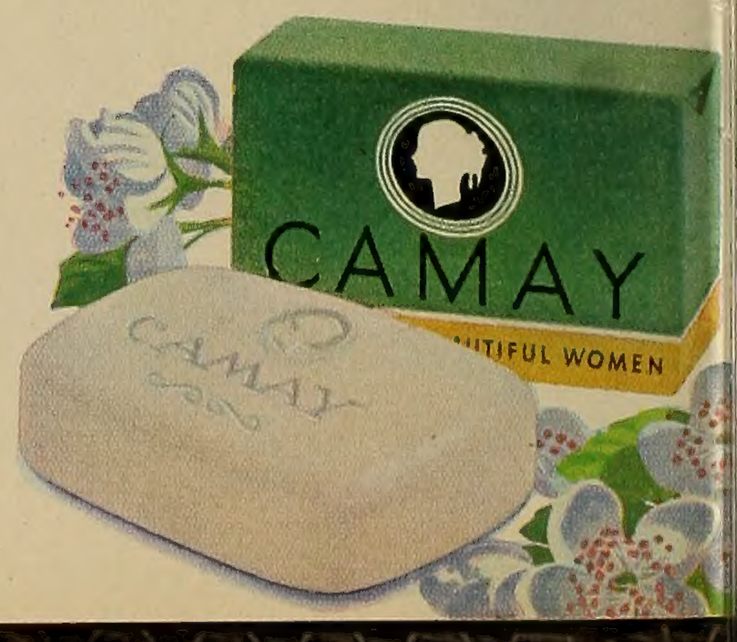
Camay does this:

—LEAVES SKIN SM-O-O-TH!
Camay's mild lather helps smooth away that dry flaky roughness. Leaves skin fresher, softer-textured.

—HELPS SKIN LOOK CLEAR!
For Camay's *thorough* cleansing reduces oiliness. Leaves your skin looking more radiantly fresh and clear.

—EVEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!
Day-by-day, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, based on skin specialists' advice, wakens your skin to more sparkling beauty.

"How happy I am that I followed the Ca Mild-Soap Diet. Camay's mild lather—t daily—works wonders for me. My skin never been so lovely. *I've* never been so happ says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.



Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and *smile!* The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So *smile, plain girl, smile!* Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!

Start today with

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA and MASSAGE

May, 1943 Vol. 20, No. 1

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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Did you know?

Production of baby diapers is keeping pace with the national birth rate, WPB assures mothers.

* * *

Turn your ration books into your local War Price and Rationing Board when you enter military service. Anyone found to be using yours will get into trouble.

* * *

Your soldier boy, home on furlough, has a right to a half-pound of sugar per week. Before he leaves camp, ask him to apply for a sugar certificate.

* * *

"There's no excuse for any increase in prices of rayon hosiery," OPA states. On the contrary, costs "are more likely to be reduced than increased."

* * *

Get the pennies out of piggies, the Director of the Mint urges. If every American family should return to use 10 penny pieces, and these should stay in circulation, the Nation's supply would be increased by one-third 1941's record production.

* * *

Postmen may, but your laundryman mustn't, ring twice at your home on the same day. Office of Defense Transportation has ruled that laundries may not deliver clean clothes in the morning and pick up soiled ones in the afternoon of the same day at the same place.

* * *

If you're an old-time sauerkraut fan, you're in luck this year. No kraut will be canned, but the USDA is helping producers to put tons of it up in barrels. Fans say barrel-packed kraut has superior flavor.

* * *

No landlord, in areas where rents are fixed, can impose new obligations on you which he did not require on your maximum rent date, OPA says.

To be sure of your rights, read carefully the lease in force on that date.

If that lease did not require you to pay a penalty when late paying your rent, you don't have to pay a penalty now.

If that lease did not require you to pay gas, electric, water, or telephone charges, you don't have to pay them now.

* * *

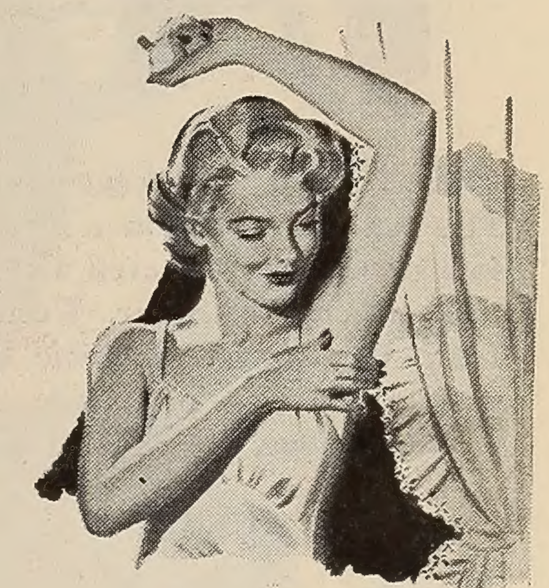
Use every trick you know, and learn some new ones, for saving on natural and manufactured gas in house and water heating, cooking, refrigeration—the War Production Board asks our 85 million home gas users. War industries need gas. Railroads, which must carry the oil and coal from which gas is made, have other jobs to do, too. WPB's not fooling when it warns that serious shortages may appear if home gas consumption isn't cut.

"All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"

Carol: Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You *deserve* the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!

Mary: Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

Carol: A bath is only intended to take care of *past* perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor *to come!*



Mary: Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me *safe* for hours!

YOU'LL like Mum—for SPEED—takes only 30 seconds. For SECURITY—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration. For DEPENDABILITY—Mum keeps you dainty for hours *to come!* • • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

FIBS
Kotex Tampons
COST LESS!

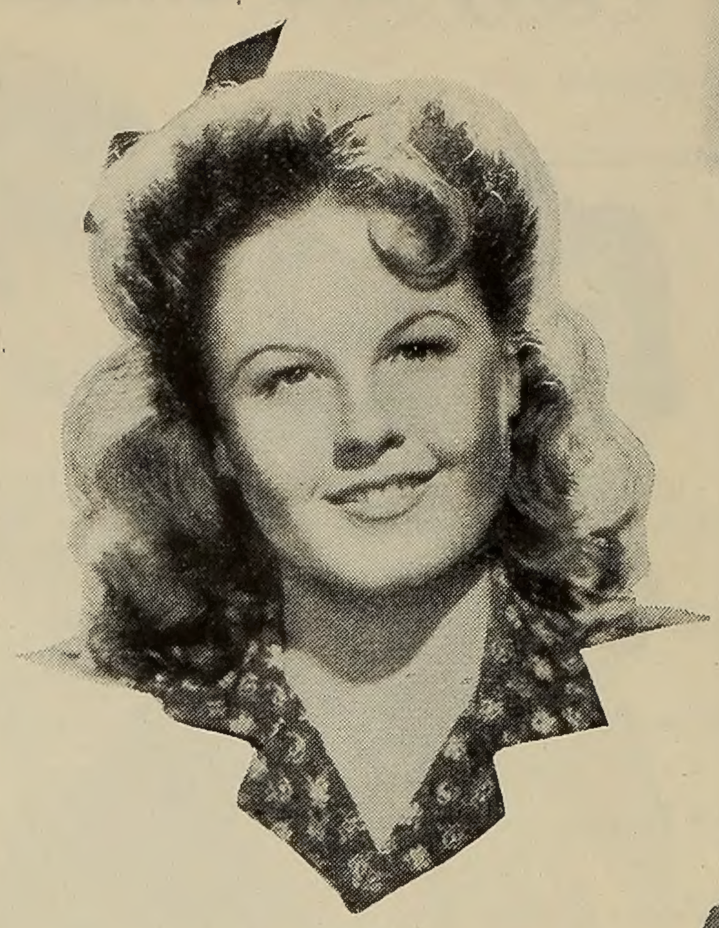
ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide *invisible* sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.

"QUILTED"—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for *easy insertion!*

20¢ a package

(Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Priscilla Lyon, below, is the star of Meet Corliss Archer, CBS. At the right is Lillian Leonard, the pretty new singer of the Gay Nineties Revue.



What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

THE Bing Crosbys, who were burned out of their Toluca Lake home several weeks ago, have just moved into a house in Holmby Hills. The new house is just across the street from the Los Angeles Golf Club. Dixie Lee, Bing's wife, says the crooner was sold the second he saw how near the golf course was to the house. Incidentally, when the Toluca Lake house burned down, Bing lost his pipe collection. The Athletic Round Table of Spokane, Bing's hometown, decided to do something about it. They've adopted the motto, "Briars for Bing" or "Cobs for Crosby," and members have been sending him pipes, old, new and fancy ones.

* * *

Harry Finfrock, a member of the U.S. Coast Guard, got the biggest kick of his life recently when he made his debut on the CBS Crime Doctor program. Harry haunts the Sunday night show whenever he is on leave. Finally, the directors chose him to act as foreman of the jury which brings in the verdict of the case that is dramatized.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—"It has nothing to do with tweed and it certainly has nothing to do with twill;" so says Freddie Rose who writes so many of the songs featured on WSM's Grand Ole Opry. "It's just one of those things that seem to fit the music, so I let it become the title for a little song."

"Tweedle O Twill" that Freddie has reference to is the present high spot in a career of composing that started in Chicago 27 years ago. The intervening years have seen Freddie write everything from the "Red Hot Mama" songs of Sophie Tucker to recent hits in the old-time music field.

In 1929 Freddie abruptly stopped the flow of popular music from his pen and went into radio, singing the songs he had written. His latter day efforts, made famous to lovers of homespun music by such names as Gene Autry, Jimmie Davis, Bob Wills and Roy Acuff, are rural favorites throughout the country. People who like their music the old-time way swear by such Freddie Rose favorites as "Be Honest With Me," "The End of the World," "Tears on My Pillow," and of course the latest sensation done to a turn on wax by Gene Autry—"Tweedle O Twill."

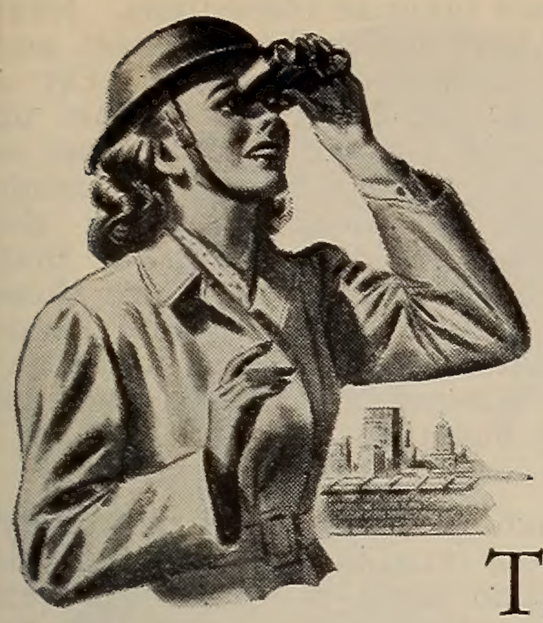
There's no way of knowing how many songs Freddie has written, but he recalls at least 200 of the old-timers to his credit. He is currently heard on the WSM Grand Ole Opry singing songs of his own composition. Needless to say, many of the other stars of the Opry also draw from his vast resources. Recently returned from the West Coast where he wrote songs for Gene Autry, Freddie has now turned his talents to music for Roy Acuff, Grand Ole Opry big name. Says Freddie about music with a homespun flavor, "Oldtime music is definitely coming into its own. Eventually it will top popular music in appeal."

* * *

BOSTON, Mass.—The Yankee Network's recent search for tomorrow's talent has resulted in the discovery of the Yankee Starlets—new singing sensations of radio.

These four talented young girls from Boston are absolutely new to radio. They are Loretta Fitzgerald and Eileen Murphy, both 17 and Boston high school students; Marjory Cochrane, 21, who works as a froster in a bakery; and Priscilla Howe, 19, a defense factory worker in a Boston suburb.

Each Starlet has a natural voice and a distinctive style all her own, and



DO YOUR BEST . . . AND *Be at your Best*

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

* * *

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

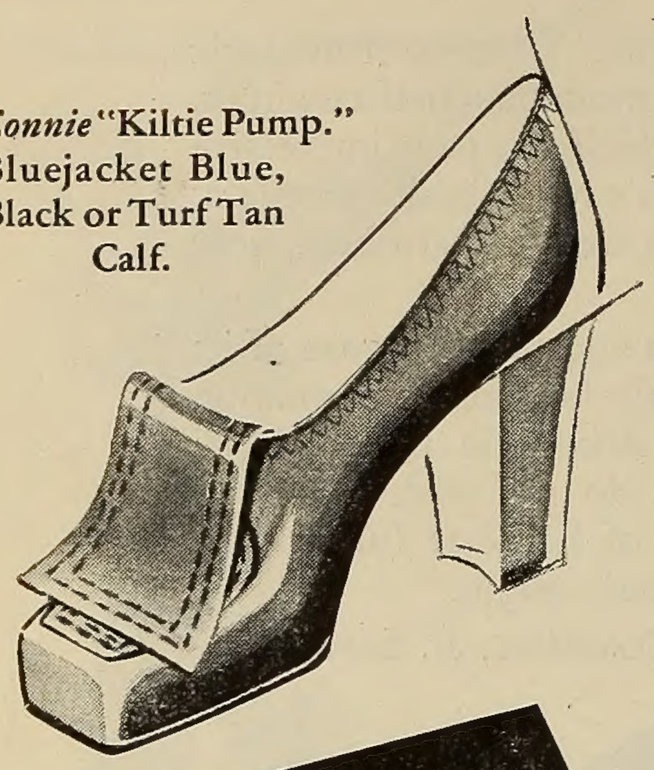
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!

Names You Know!

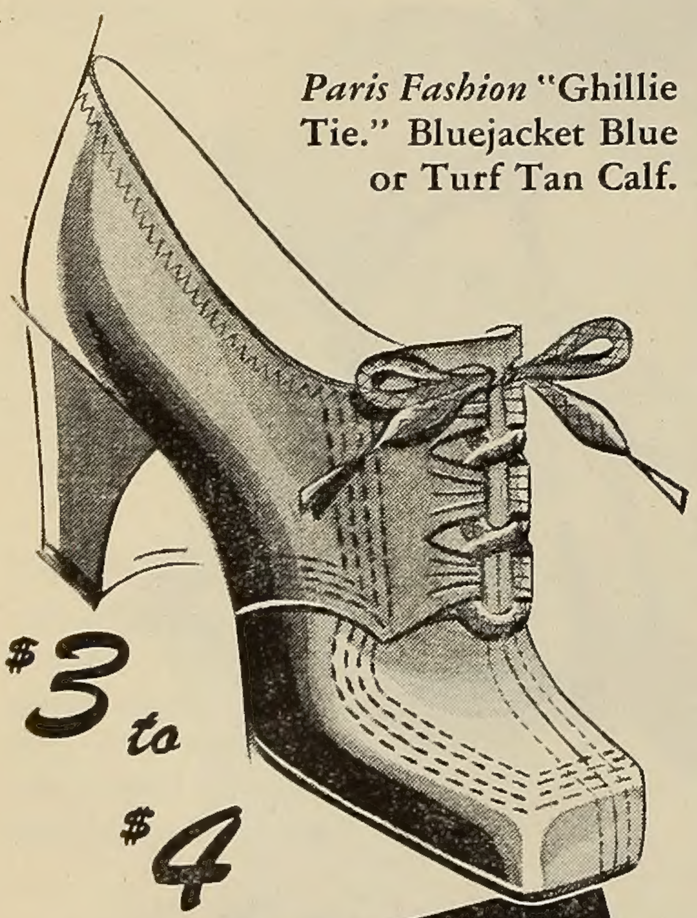
Shoes You Love!



Connie "Kiltie Pump." Bluejacket Blue, Black or Turf Tan Calf.

Connie
SHOE CREATIONS

$5 to $6



Paris Fashion "Ghillie Tie." Bluejacket Blue or Turf Tan Calf.

$3 to $4

Paris Fashion
SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

WOHL SHOE COMPANY · ST. LOUIS

they are doubly blessed with beauty and charm.

Loretta Fitzgerald, 17, is a pert young lady, an inch over five feet tall, with sparkling brown eyes and black hair. Loretta plays drums in her own family orchestra. One brother plays violin, another trumpet and a sister plays piano. Loretta's favorite piece is "I Had the Craziest Dream," but it wasn't a crazy dream that made her try radio.

Marjory Cochrane was inspired to radio by Ginny Simms, and is on her way to the same success as her ideal. Marjory can sing a torchy ballad as well as a rhythm number with all the finesse of a veteran radio singer.

Eileen Murphy lives up to her name, with raven black hair and provocative green eyes. When Eileen made her debut on the air she sang "He's Just My Bill," few people realized that she was singing to her own Bill, stationed in Rio de Janiero. Bill called her a few days before her initial broadcast and told her he would be listening in.

Priscilla Howe is a petite blonde beauty, four feet, eleven inches, with soft, blue eyes and honey colored hair. It is difficult to realize that this Dresden-like girl is the possessor of such a powerful voice, and stranger still, that she works long hours in a defense factory. Priscilla says that she will not let her radio career interfere with her work for Uncle Sam.

The Yankee Network gave these Starlets their start when they presented them for the first time on The Yankee Starlets with Bobby Norris and Ted Cole program, over WNAC and the Yankee Network a short time ago.

* * *

Just a line to tell you that Priscilla Lyon, the girl you've been hearing as Corliss Archer on the CBS show, is as cute as she sounds. She has shining blonde hair, baby-blue eyes and a dimpled chin, as the picture on page four indicates. Priscilla is just fifteen years old and you may have heard her before on the Junior Miss series in the part of Fuffy. She also played the part of Holly Ann in The Mayor Of The Town.

* * *

Bob Hawk, on his Thanks To The Yanks show is rapidly becoming one of America's favorite comedians. Next to Fred Allen, he is the quickest and cleverest ad-libber in radio. On a recent broadcast, however, he met up with a blonde girl who was almost as fast on the quips as he is. He made a crack about blondes, which she topped. Bob couldn't stand for that. He came back with, "There are three kinds of blondes, my dear—the beautiful, the intelligent and the majority." The girl winced and went back to answering questions.

* * *

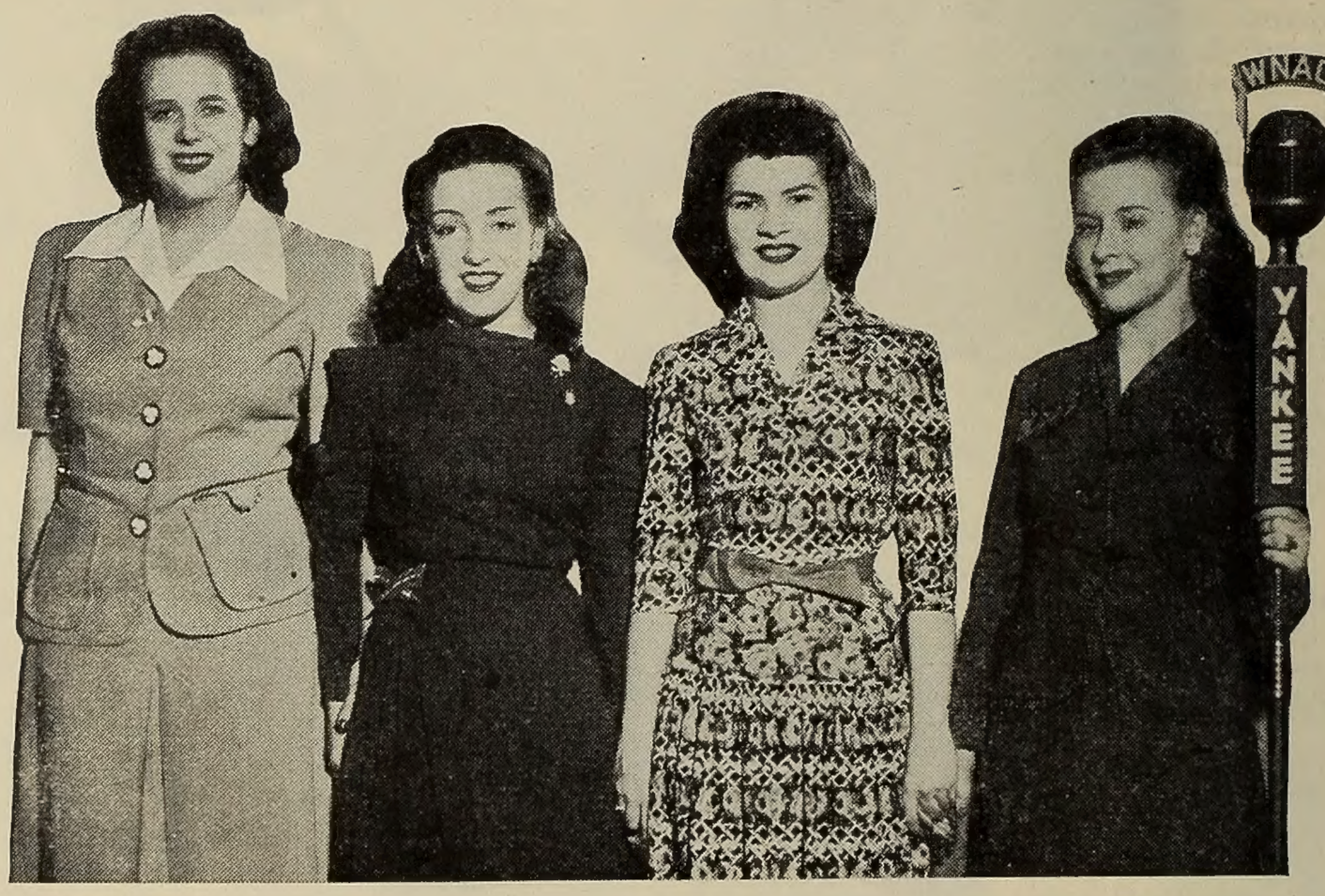
Irene Rich, that delightful radio lady, has a 50-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. The farm is a real business for Irene. She raises pigs, ducks, chickens, calves, geese and lambs. Her fields are planted with alfalfa and beans. Irene went into the farming business shortly before the war. Now, because of the war demand for food and farm products, her 50 acres are important. Irene is also a lieutenant in the Woman's Ambulance Corps of America and is the only member of the corps who has a permit to carry a gun and use it. Irene's daughter, Frances, planned the farm and furnished the house. Frances is a lieutenant in the WAVES and is the sculptress who executed the famous monument to Army and Navy nurses at Arlington Cemetery.

* * *

We'd like to give you an idea what it costs to carry out a "consequence" on Ralph Edwards Truth or Consequences program. Recently, a female contestant was told that her consequence was to sit alongside a judge in a night court and help pass sentences. Edwards paid out a total of $500 to rent a room above a police station, together with such props as a judge's bench, rail, a witness stand, jury box, benches for the audience, fifteen actors, police uniforms, typewriter for sound effects and radio line charges. The woman thought it was the McCoy until her husband appeared dressed as a vagrant.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Larry Walker, WBT announcer-entertainer, has had



Four pretty singing starlets, recently discovered by the Yankee Network's search for tomorrow's talent. Left to right, Marjory Cochrane, Eileen Murphy, Loretta Fitzgerald and Priscilla Howe.

Freddie Rose, prolific song writer, has turned out many of those tunes you heard on WSM's Grand Ole Opry.

such a varied career that no one—Larry least of all—knows what he'll do next! In the show business, he has a gold mine of experience which, to date, includes concert stage, vaudeville, Broadway shows, local and network radio—and he's still looking pleased and expectant whenever anything new turns up, such as his latest move to rejoin the staff of WBT, Charlotte, after an absence of almost ten years.

Larry is personally acquainted with most of the big names in the entertainment world, and has worked alongside of such artists as Frank Parker, Belle Baker, Charlotte Greenwood, James Melton, Harry Richman, George Jessel, Fanny Brice, Marian Davies, Ann Pennington and Geraldine Farrar. He's arranged music for Ziegfeld Follies, and for grand opera . . . has made personal appearances on coast-to-coast radio shows with Abe Lyman and Ben Bernie . . . has had his own program on both NBC and CBS coast-to-coast, in addition to regional network and local station broadcasting.

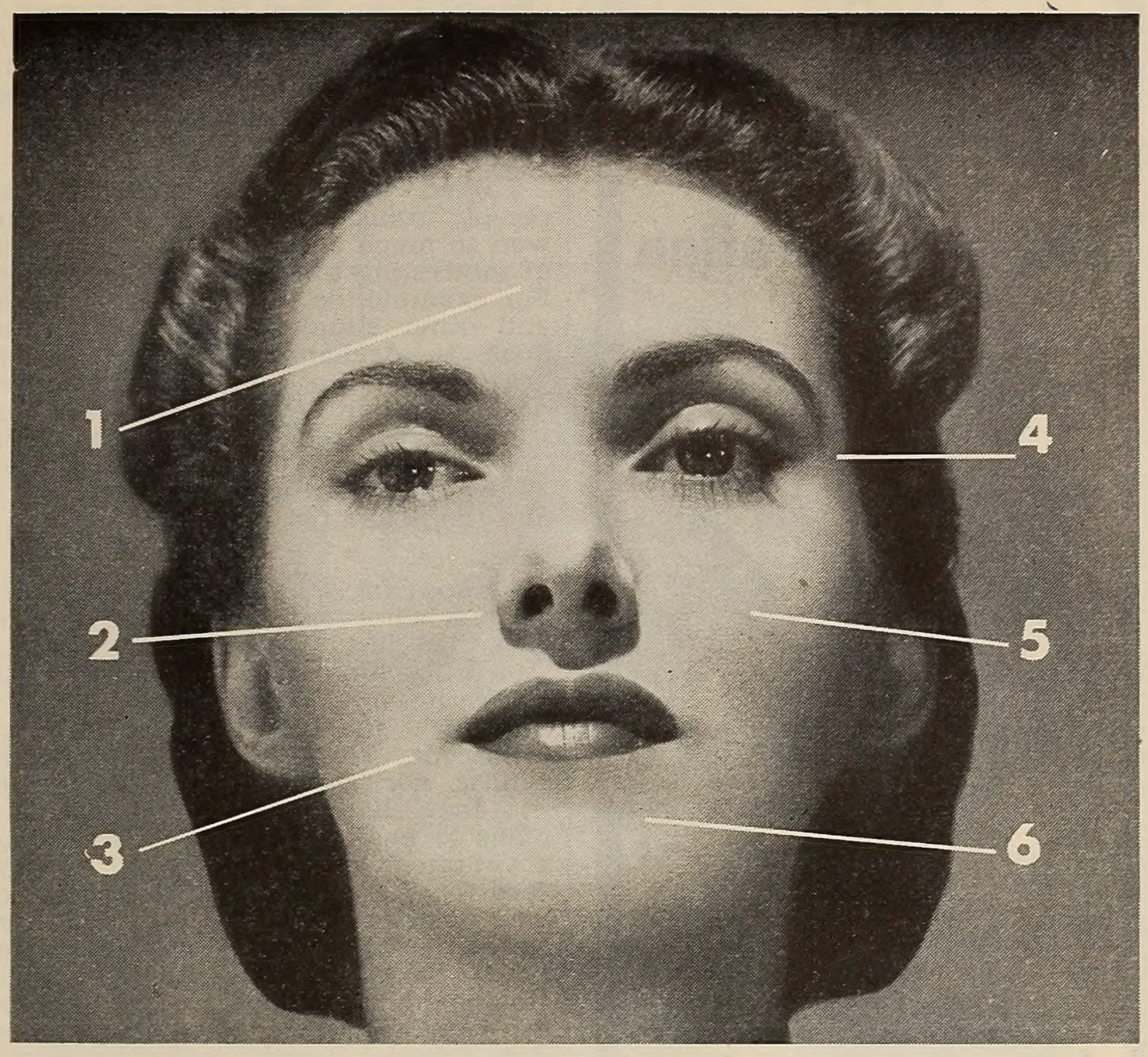
His first contact with radio was in 1925, and for five years, Larry did some radio work in connection with stage appearances throughout the country. Then, in 1930, the lure of the footlights faded, and Larry cast his lot with radio for keeps.

An inch or so over six feet, Larry has brown hair, blue eyes, a particularly engaging smile, an easy companionable manner of speaking, and a positive passion for peach shortcake. Larry says his hobby is finding new things to do, and when he isn't rehearsing or broadcasting, it's a pretty safe guess that he's talking things over with some of "the boys"—thinking up something new he can get into.

But that's probably to be expected from the man who—according to Paderewski — has the most perfect piano hands he'd ever seen; and who—quote Major Bowes—"is the one man out of 10,000 professional musicians with absolute pitch"; who is on a new assignment as WBT staff announcer and musician; and who—according to Larry—"likes it fine!"

* * *

Joe Kelly, who handles the Quiz Kids was recently asked to help out a motion picture producer who wanted to find a two year old youngster who



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1 *Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?*

2 *Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?*

3 *Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?*

4 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?*

5 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?*

6 *Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?*

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

THERE's a thrilling *new-texture* powder that helps end the 6 "face powder troubles" listed at left.

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES.* And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. *Try it!* See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the *one* shade that's most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7134 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (85)
Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

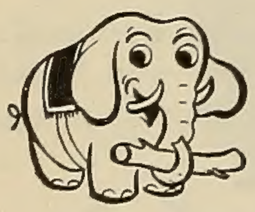
1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

softer



stronger

more absorbent

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
CLEANSING TISSUES
PAPER NAPKINS

could read lines from a script. On the Quiz Kids program, Joe mentioned it and he wishes he hadn't. He is still getting letters, telegrams and phone calls from parents who want to go Hollywood with their kids.

* * *

Talked to Larry Lesueur, whose recent "American in Russia" program won so much acclaim. He told us lots of interesting things about the Soviets. For example, he relates that our tanks and other supplies barely reach the dock at Archangel before they are grabbed by the Russians and driven off to the front. "There is no familiarizing period to give the Russians the 'feel' of the big tanks," Larry says. "They just ask where the clutch is and then start for the front."

* * *

Radio and the Armed Forces: Jim Jordan, who you know as Fibber McGee, has just disclosed that his son, Jim Jr., has enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve. Young Jim, 19, is a student at the University of Southern California. The Jordan daughter, Kathryn, is working in an aircraft factory . . . Joan Blaine, star of Valiant Lady, plans to help the Army by organizing a volunteer farmerette group to raise food for the soldiers . . . Baby Snooks, who is Fanny Brice, has just been nominated mascot for the submarine U.S.S. Snook . . . Mel Powell, Benny Goodman's 19-year-old swing pianist, has just been inducted into the Army. But Private Powell won't be parted from the piano. Capt. Glenn Miller, now in charge of army orchestras, has been waiting for Mel to join one of his service bands . . . For the entertainment of Navy personnel in Alaska, six recorded programs of the Rudy Vallee show were flown there by Navy plane . . . Jack Benny picked up spare change for Army-Navy Relief by giving "gag" violin lessons to big shots in the Army camps he visited. Lt. Commander Jack Dempsey took a 25 cent lesson from Jacques . . . Did you know that Wayne King is now an Army Captain and Artie Shaw is a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy?

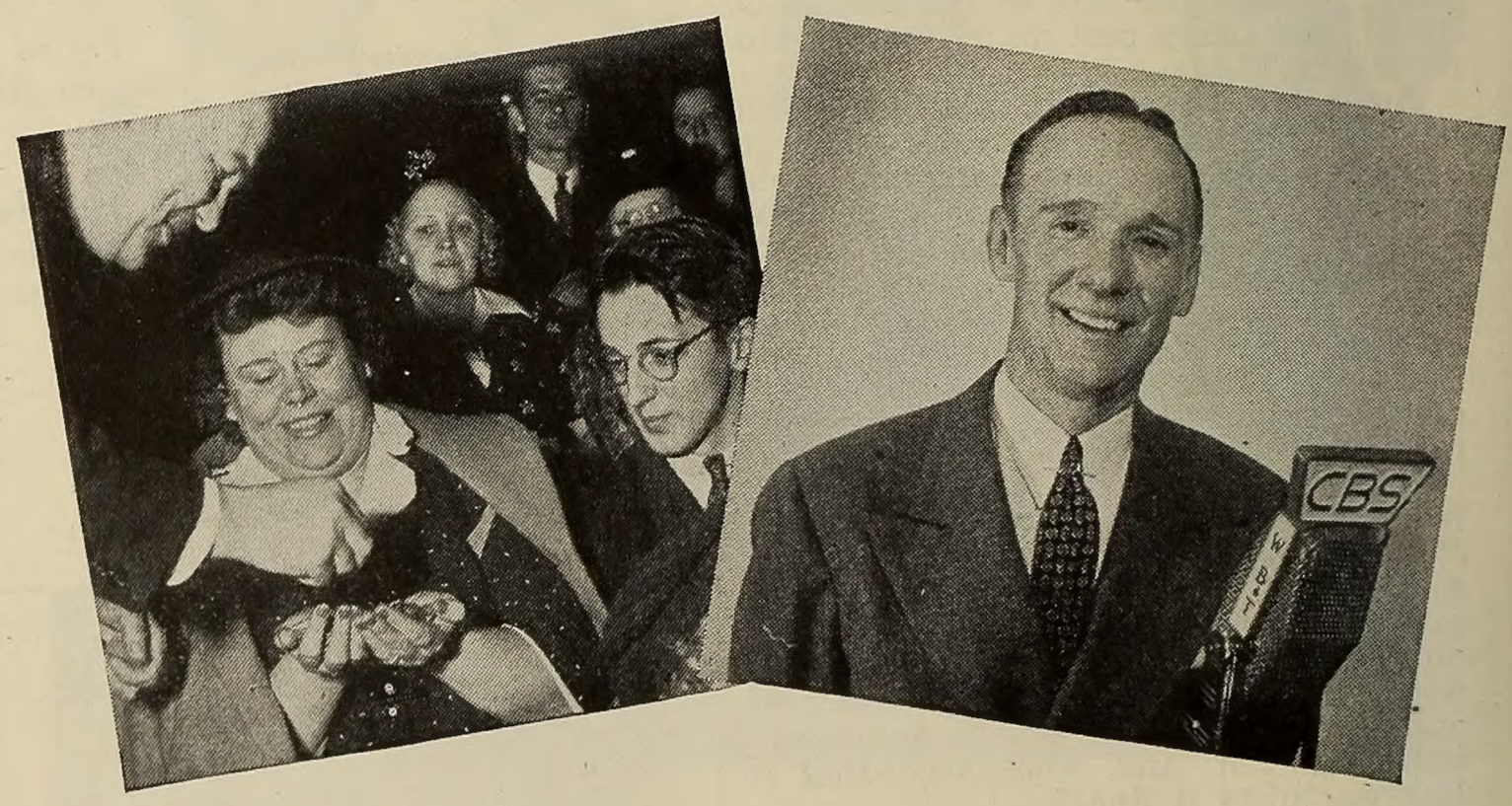
We were glad when the genial Kate Smith went back on the air after her recent sickness. It's always fun to visit Kate, too, because she always has an amusing or inspirational story for us. She told us about a woman who wrote her that she "felt out of things" because she wasn't a WAAC, a WAVE or a SPAR. She said that she did many things for the war such as buying bonds, working with the Red Cross and writing letters to her boy in the service. When the boy came home, Kate tells us, reading from the letter, he cheered his mother up, saying, "So what if you're not a WAVE or a WAAC, Mom? I read your letters to all the guys and it cheers them up. They say you're a WOW!"

* * *

Minute Teaser: See if you can guess who it is before you reach the end of the paragraph. He was born in Boston in 1905, the son of an Italian interpreter in the Massachusetts courts. He learned to play the trombone at the age of ten, but his first job was that of a longshoreman on the Boston docks. After that, he joined an orchestra, first playing drums and then returning to his first love, the trombone. He played in orchestras for fifteen years, then managed a band of his own. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes and wears a moustache. He and his wife, Florence Charlotte, have an adopted son. It was a guest appearance on Fred Allen's show that first brought out his comic talents. Guessed his name yet? He later clowned on the air with Bing Crosby and Walter O'Keefe. He has a friend named "Yehudi" and heckles a guy named Bob Hope. His name is Jerry Colonna.

* * *

News Notes and Data: Don't rush girls, but Barry Wood is going to teach singing this summer at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston . . . The recent tremendous success of Duke Ellington's Carnegie Hall concert has decided the Duke to give concerts in every key city in the country. Watch your paper for the date and don't miss it . . . Lora Thatcher who plays Mrs. Wood on the David Harum show is now teaching classes in English to refugees . . . Woody Herman who is at work on a movie with Sonja Henie which will be called "Winter Girl," will skate in the picture. Woody is almost as good on the blades as he is with a clarinet . . . Kate Smith is now starting a program which will salute war plants and war workers.



"Give that lady thirty silver dollars!" says Dr. I. Q., and Mrs. Virginia Dolde willingly holds out her hands. At the right is Larry Walker, veteran announcer-entertainer at WBT, Charlotte.

GLAMOUR AND OVERALLS

WE'D like our women readers to look again at the girl on the cover. Her name is Marion Shockley and she has auburn hair, brown eyes and a dazzling smile. She's a new type of cover girl. Marion represents the new *war woman* of America, glamorous, *but useful.*

Our country needs strong, useful women such as Marion to help on our farms. You've probably seen something in your newspapers about that. They are called Farmerettes.

Womanpower on the farm is badly needed and the women of America are answering the call.

If circumstances make it impossible for *you* to become a *Farmerette,* the next best thing to do is plant a Victory Garden. We need millions of Victory Gardens this year. If your Garden will help feed your family, it will mean that much more food for our soldiers.

The most important thing about a Victory Garden is planning. If you want detailed information on this, write to the Division of Information, Bureau of Plant Industry, USDA, Washington, D. C.

Like Marion Shockley, many of our most important radio stars are Victory Gardeners. Yes, people in radio are accepting responsibility along with other people in America.

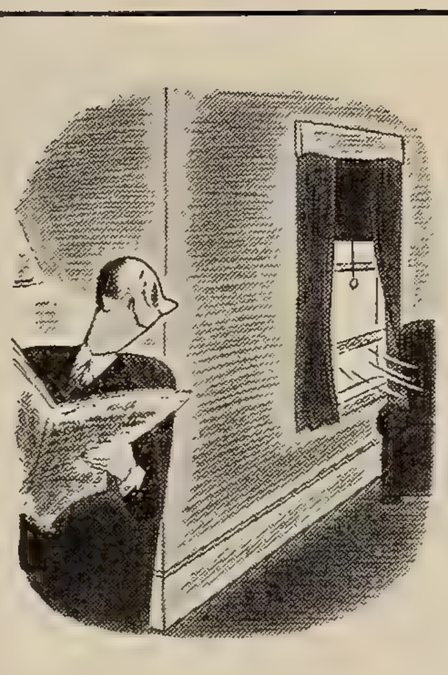
We've become so excited about this new Victory Garden and back-to-the-farm movement, that we've neglected to tell you much about Marion Shockley.

Marion plays the role of the delightful Nikki Porter on the Ellery Queen mystery show. She was raised in Kansas City. Unlike most young radio actresses, Marion had no intention of becoming an actress. She planned a career as a history teacher, until a friend of the family told her she could make more money on the stage. Marion left the University of Missouri to join a stock company in Denver. She came to Broadway and landed a job as an understudy to Ina Claire.

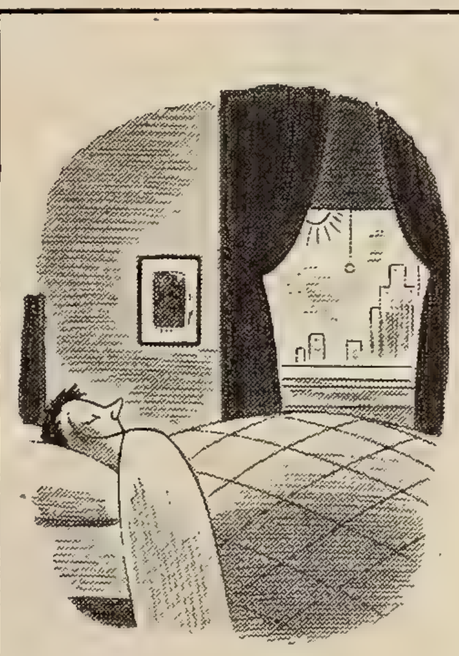
Marion then discovered that most of her actress friends were making quite a bit of change in radio. She managed to get several small parts and then was called in to audition for the role of Nikki in Ellery Queen. George Zachary, then the director of the show, didn't want Marion. George argued that Marion just wasn't right for the part, but three other Network officials outvoted him and the Shockley girl got the role. She's now Mrs. George Zachary.

When not in overalls, Marion is at the Stage Door Canteen, where she is in charge of feeding 3,000 soldiers and sailors a day. For relaxation, she reads mystery stories.

These easy rules help keep colds away

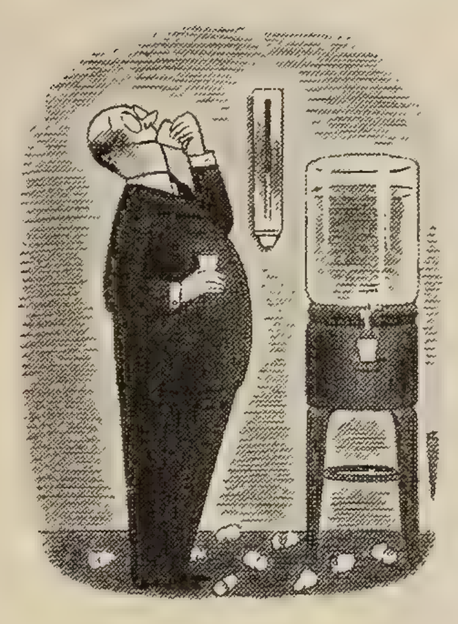


1 Stay out of drafts

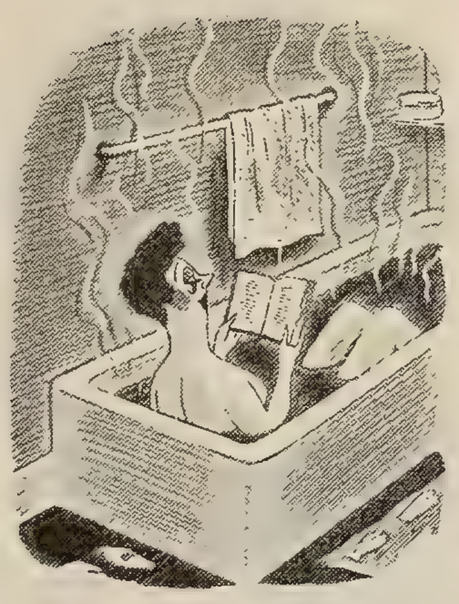


2 Get plenty of rest

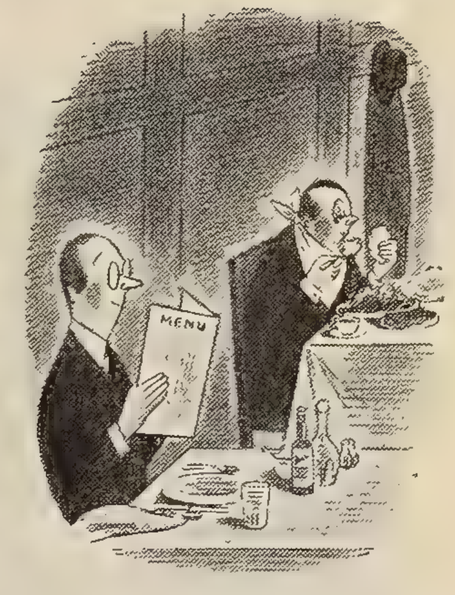
3 Dress warmly



4 Drink liquids often



5 Take a warm bath after chilling exposure — then cover up



6 Eat right — keep regular

7 Guard your throat

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly—millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.

Are You His DREAM GIRL

Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.

DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, *they'll last indefinitely*. Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won't Slip

One Does the Work of Several

Facing the Music

Bandleader Bob Allen enjoys a restful moment reading to Bob Junior, while Skippy, the fox terrier, listens quietly too.

By KEN ALDEN

STIRRED by the juvenile delinquency charges against Gene Krupa, the entire dance band industry has united to help wipe out the reefer smoking elements who are responsible for slurs cast against innocent bandsmen.

* * *

Jimmy Dorsey spent over $6,000 for costumes, rehearsals, and arrangements before breaking in his new girl singer, Kitty Kallen. Kitty replaced Helen O'Connell. The new singer made her debut with the band in New York and received enthusiastic notices.

* * *

The Xavier Cugats are reported going their separate ways. Mrs. Cugat used to be the band's top vocalist.

* * *

Martin Block's fourteenth semi-annual dance band popularity poll wound up with Harry James an overwhelming favorite. He rolled up 46,350 votes. Glenn Miller ran second and Tommy Dorsey finished third.

* * *

Dinah Shore is planning to go overseas to entertain our armed forces on the fighting fronts. Details will be worked out when Dinah finishes making the new Samuel Goldwyn picture, "With Flying Colors."

* * *

Bob Allen thought he had the perfect plan to eliminate some of the draft problems. He hired a female road manager, Frances Keppner. Last month Frances turned in her notice to join the WAVES.

* * *

Jerry Gray, well known arranger for Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller has joined Freddie Martin's band.

* * *

"Winter Girl" is now the title of the new Sonja Henie-Woody Herman film.

* * *

Harry James and his men lost a total of 130 pounds while working on their new film, "Best Foot Forward" and continuing their CBS radio shows.

* * *

When they start making phonograph records again—and this should happen any day now—Charlie Spivak will get a tremendous buildup from Victor. He switched over from the rival disk makers, Columbia, and will inherit the buildup Victor formerly gave to Glenn Miller.

* * *

Carmen Cavallaro has been signed to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria—his first big league assignment — until late Spring. The band, greatly improved and expanded, has been one of the hits of the New York dance band season.

* * *

Carl Hoff, former Al Pearce music maker, will attempt a comeback. So will Helen Ward, former Benny Goodman vocalist.

* * *

Horace Heidt is annoying most of his colleagues by out-bidding them for top flight instrumentalists. Heidt is developing one of the nation's largest dance bands, packing it with the best men available. He hired Tex Beneke, former Glenn Miller favorite, only to lose him after three days to the U. S. Army.

* * *

Ray Eberle, former Glenn Miller and

Gene Krupa vocalist has signed a film contract with Universal.

* * *

Captain Glenn Miller is forming a huge 51-piece U. S. Army military band that can be divided into three separate danceband units.

THE DUKE MAKES IT

FROM Harlem's Sugar Hill they came –his own people who know and love the music he plays. From Murray Hill they came—those who didn't know but were eager to listen and learn. And from all New York they converged, a glittering mosaic of music lovers and curiosity seekers, filling a slightly amazed Carnegie Hall.

The outer lobby of the famed music sanctum revealed an opulent display of silks and satins fashioned by designers from not only Fifth but Lenox Avenue. Here and there a zoot suit gave the gathering a rainbow hue.

Then the house lights dimmed. Seventeen chocolate-colored musicians shuffled to their places, followed by a handsome, husky man flawlessly attired in white tie and tapering tails. The crowd thundered its welcome. He bowed, not like the usual Carnegie Hall conductor, but gratefully and graciously. Suddenly the strains of the national anthem rang through the ancient auditorium and the most unusual concert in music annals began.

For the next four hours swing history was made. Finally, after twenty years, official recognition came to the great talents of Edward Kennedy Ellington. You know him best as "The Duke."

I saw the Duke a few days before the concert. We talked in his modern, bustling apartment on St. Nicholas Avenue, Manhattan. It was then that he told me just how much this concert meant to him.

"I want America to hear the Negro's music the right way. I did it in Europe before the war and the people accepted it. But here in my own country where Negro music was really born I've had a harder time of doing it. For eight years I have tried to give this concert but each time it had to be called off."

The first time Duke tried was in 1934 but a sudden illness forced a postponement. The next time, in 1938, a lucrative movie contract necessitated a change in plans. The last time he tried was in 1939 but a final European tour cancelled that one out.

This year the Duke was finally able

With a voice as pretty as her face, Kitty Kallen has recently joined Jimmy Dorsey as vocalist.

"Just 30 extra seconds and I'm *Fragrantly Dainty* for hours"

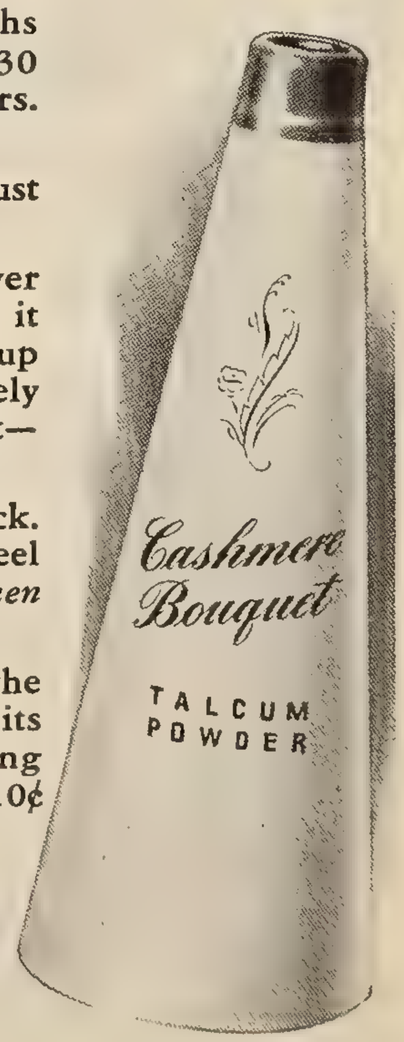
"HOW MANY GIRLS realize, I wonder, how their popularity can be wrecked by body staleness? It took me months and months —lonely months—to learn *my* lesson. Now it takes me just 30 extra seconds to stay fragrantly dainty for hours. Watch:

"FIRST, I dry my body gently after my bath—just patting the places that might chafe."

"NEXT, I powder Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over my whole body. Thirty extra seconds . . . yet it clings to me silky-soft as face powder and dries up any moisture I missed. There I stand, delicately perfumed all over . . . Now I know why you call it—*the fragrance men love!*"

"NOW my girdle—lingerie—stockings and frock. No chafing later; Cashmere Bouquet's silky feel stays on all evening. *And so does the fragrance men love*—to keep me fragrantly dainty for hours!"

Cashmere Bouquet is a body talcum of highest quality—the largest selling talcum powder in America. You'll love its haunting fragrance and clinging softness. Make alluring Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. Available in 10¢ and larger sizes, at drug and toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

I ALMOST CRIED when Peggy said that to me! It was the last time I forced her to take that harsh, nasty-tasting laxative. Even now, I hate to think how the stuff used to upset her. It was just *too strong!*

AFTER THAT, I changed to another laxative which I thought would be easier on Peggy. But she had trouble taking that, too. What's more, the medicine only stirred her up and didn't get results. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, I GOT wise to Ex-Lax. It solved Peggy's laxative problem once and for all. She actually smacked her lips over its good chocolate taste. And I was so pleased to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works . . . not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

—it's not too strong!
—it's not too mild!
—it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

EX-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before

ONLY $1.00 prepaid

For This $2.00 Bottle

Temptation — one of the most exquisite perfumes ever created.

A single drop lasts a week, charms and attracts men and women to you.

The fragrance of living flowers. Bottles with elongated stopper encased in a polished maple case 4 times the size of the picture.

Send No Money

Pay the postman when he hands you the package or (*if you prefer*) send money order, currency, stamps or check for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. (*Est. 1872.*)

PAUL RIEGER, 265 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

to work out the plans, and the entire receipts went to Russian War Relief.

So successful was the concert that the Duke, beaming like the moon, is currently repeating the performance in concert halls around the country.

Highlight of the concert was the Duke's ambitious forty-five minute work, "Black, Brown and Beige," a musical tribute to the American Negro. Over-long and loosely knit, it contains enough top flight musical ideas for forty popular songs.

The Duke was born in Washington, D.C., in 1900. He got the nickname in high school when he used to out-zoot today's zoot suit sharpies. Today few call him by his given name although his haberdashery tastes have become considerably more sedate. When he was eight, he got his first piano lesson but he became bored with conventional piano playing and preferred to paint.

His father, a well-to-do blue print tracer in the Washington Navy Yard, and his mother were disappointed. They both loved music and played sentimental songs that used to make their son cry.

The boy won a scholarship to Pratt Institute for his work in oils. But he never got to the art school. When he was sixteen he heard a hot piano player do amazing things at the keyboard. Realizing there were ways to play—excitingly and inspiringly—Duke decided to try music again.

Duke taught himself and made rapid progress. He became good enough to get odd jobs with local orchestras and then secured one with a major league outfit. However, this orchestra preferred to play in a regulation, orthodox manner. Every note was to be played as written. One night the Duke couldn't resist an ad lib hot lick. Next day he was fired.

Ellington's original band had five men. Three of them are still with him. Now he has seventeen, and each one is a star in his own right, like trumpeter Rex Stewart, saxophonist Johnny Hodges, and valve trombonist Juan Tizol.

Duke's first big break came in the famous old Cotton Club in New York. Unlike other bands of the period, they stressed musicianship, ignoring the then popular novelty numbers.

The public first began to appreciate Ellington when some of his early tunes became popular. That was in 1930 when "Mood Indigo" swept the country.

Duke says he doesn't know how many songs he has written. His faithful friend, trombonist Tizol, estimates the boss has penned several thousand. Best remembered are "Sophisticated Lady," "I Got It Bad," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Black and Tan Fantasy" and the new hit, "Don't Get Around Much Any More."

Songs by Ellington are written whenever the idea pops into his head—on park benches, in Pullman lower berths, at night club tables, and in his New York apartment. Although many of his compositions have no lyrics, each does have a story.

"I got to have a story for each song," he explains, "then I tell it to the boys in the band. That's how they know how to play it."

"Mood Indigo" is the story of a young girl who flirts each summer's night with a young swain who passes by her window. Then one sultry night the boy does not come by and the girl gets the blues.

"Sophisticated Lady" is about a Washington schoolteacher the Duke once knew, who saved her small earnings for surreptitious excursions to other cities where she could have a few adventurous experiences.

"Flaming Sword" is a blaring tribute to the famous Panther Room in Chicago's Hotel Sherman, scene of many Ellington triumphs, where the waiters bring out roast lamb, Russian style, on flaming skewers.

Although Duke was thrilled by the concert's reception, he had some regrets.

"I would have given anything to have had my folks there and my son Mercer. Mother and Dad are dead. When they went, the bottom sort of dropped out of my life. My son went into the Army a few days before the concert so he couldn't be there. He's twenty-three and boy, what a songwriter!"

Duke and his wife are separated.

Ellington has his own ideas about the music of the future.

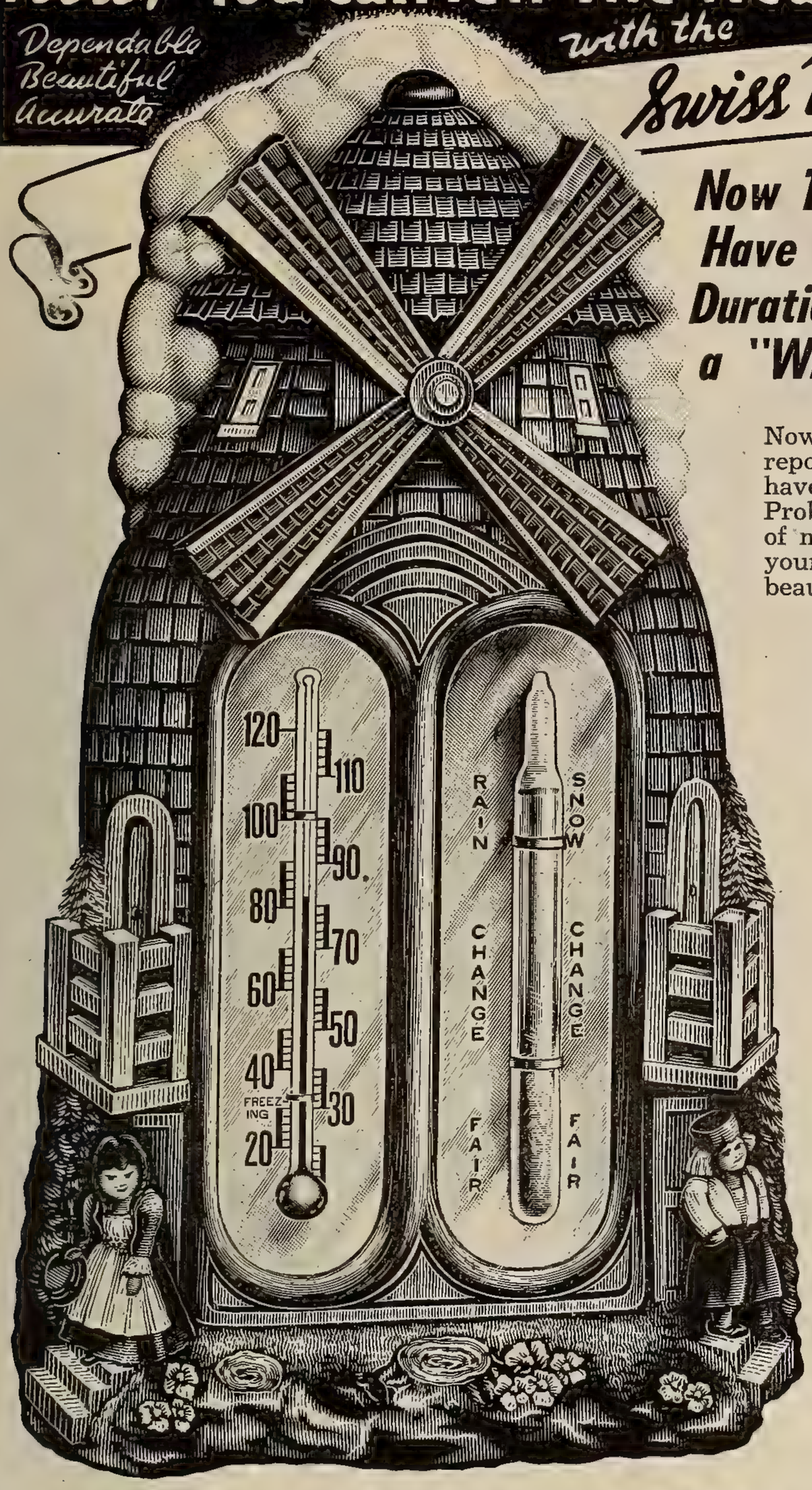
"The music of tomorrow is going to be a combination of the hot jazz of yesterday with a new technique and a strong classical influence."

A grateful America hopes that the Duke will be around to introduce it.

Duke Ellington realized a life-long ambition when he and his orchestra played a concert at Carnegie Hall.

Now! You Can Tell The Weather up to 24 Hours in Advance with the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

Dependable
Beautiful
Accurate



Now That Weather Reports Have Been Banned For The Duration—Every Family Needs a "WINDMILL" Forecaster!

only 98¢

Now that you no longer can get weather forecasts or temperature reports on the radio or through your local paper, your home should have the accurate, reliable Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Probabilities are, you have felt that you would have to pay a lot of money for a truly beautiful and dependable forecaster. If so, your worries are over! Here, without doubt, is positively the most beautiful—the most original—the most accurate forecaster that has ever been offered at anywhere near this low price. Don't let yourself or your loved ones be without the Windmill Weather Forecaster. It tells you the temperature—tells you if it's going to rain or snow or shine—predicts any weather change that's on the way—up to 24 hours in advance! It makes all the difference in your plans when you know what the weather will be. Plan your work or play according to the weather—know how to dress for it—help to prevent accidents or sickness in the family—BE PREPARED FOR WEATHER CHANGES WITH YOUR "Home Weather Bureau." BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN!

The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To $10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be very accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals expand and rise toward the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unfailing. This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades . . . even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced . . . with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN!

What fun and satisfaction it will afford you to actually KNOW, just what the weather will be like, UP TO 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE. With the Swiss Weather Forecaster, you really take the "guess work" out of the weather. Think how many times during past months you've wanted to know what the weather on the morrow would be. Now, the beautiful Swiss Weather Forecaster makes your own home a "Weather Bureau," all for only 98c. Every home needs it! Be the first in your neighborhood to own one.

Use It—Test It On Our Guarantee Of Satisfaction

Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

Special Offer To AGENTS, DISTRIBUTORS!

Purchase Swiss Windmill Weather Forecasters At Our Special Quantity Wholesale Discount! Here is the fastest selling article of its kind that is being offered. Today, everyone is a prospect for this popular Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster. Special quantity wholesale discounts:

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SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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Gentlemen: Please send me the Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster on your guarantee of absolute satisfaction or my money back. I will pay the Postman only 98c plus postage and COD fee.

Name .....

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Enclosed find 98c. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.

Always buy cosmetics that suit your natural coloring says Vivien, blonde soprano of the Hour of Charm Group.

Stick to your colors

By Roberta Ormiston

AS any artist will tell you, color is frightfully important to a picture. It even has the power to change the appearance of the forms upon which it's applied. When color is all it should be the forms upon which it is used become more attractive. When it's less than it should be the contrary is true to an almost unbelievable degree.

Remember this when you put color on your face, on the forms which are your nose, your mouth, your cheeks, your eyes. Remember when you shop for powder, rouge, lipstick, or eye cosmetics that it's not enough to ask merely for the right color for a blonde, a brunette, or a redhead. You need to be much more specific, you need to take the exact shade of your hair and the exact tone of your skin into careful account. Above all, don't be tempted into buying any cosmetic in a wrong shade because of the romantic, intriguing name the manufacturer has bestowed upon it. The more realistic you are when you shop for your cosmetics the more romantic you'll be afterwards.

Fair skin, light blue eyes, and light blonde hair call for rachel powder. Use the shade that's closest to your skin tone. Then, blonde red rouge, a red lipstick that has a faint orange cast, gray eyeshadow, and brown mascara and eyebrow pencil.

If you're only moderately blonde, with a fairly fair skin and light blue or gray eyes, vary that set-up with a light red lipstick.

If you have a fair skin, hazel eyes, and light brown hair vary it both with a vivid red lipstick and brown eyeshadow.

Olive skin, brown eyes, and brown hair, on the other hand, will be accented most attractively by olive powder, carmine rouge (olive skin requires always that rouge be used sparingly and deftly, please note!) medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Those who have brown hair, brown eyes, and skin that's a little sallow will find a natural powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick and brown eye make-up will benefit them greatly.

Light brunettes, with dark brown hair, soft creamy skin, and brown eyes should favor rachel powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Brunettes with black hair, olive skin and dark brown eyes, on the other hand, should seek a dark olive powder, red rouge with a raspberry tint (which we again remind you should be used carefully because an olive skin is present) natural red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Redheads blessed with gray eyes, a fair skin and Titian hair find greater beauty when they use a dark tint of rachel powder, a vivid red lipstick, blonde red rouge, and brown eye make-up.

However, dark redheads with brown eyes, olive skin and medium redheads with medium fair skin and blue eyes should reach for an olive powder, blonde red rouge, vivid red lipstick and brown eye make-up. (For a third time—remember to be careful with the rouge if your skin is olive!)

If you have gray, white, or platinum hair it's olive powder, a natural red lipstick, blonde red rouge, gray eyeshadow and brown eyebrow pencil and mascara that you need.

A word of warning . . . The tone of your skin changes—with the state of your health, the seasons, and the years. The less fair your skin the darker your powder must be and, and by the same token your rouge and your lipstick must be darker, too. If some cosmetic isn't as becoming to you as it used to be don't blame the manufacturer for having changed its tone until you have made very sure that your personal coloring hasn't changed somewhat. For the least change will make a great difference.

Beauty, like genius—as you can see for yourself—is an infinite capacity for taking pains. But who would say it wasn't worth this price—many times!

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!*

DAY OR NIGHT, for work or play, you'll love this adorable but practical new hair-do! The braids (made from back hair, parted in center) are two parts hair and one velvet ribbon. Bow is separate. Hair washed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair . . . If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly . . . then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing. Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

•

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

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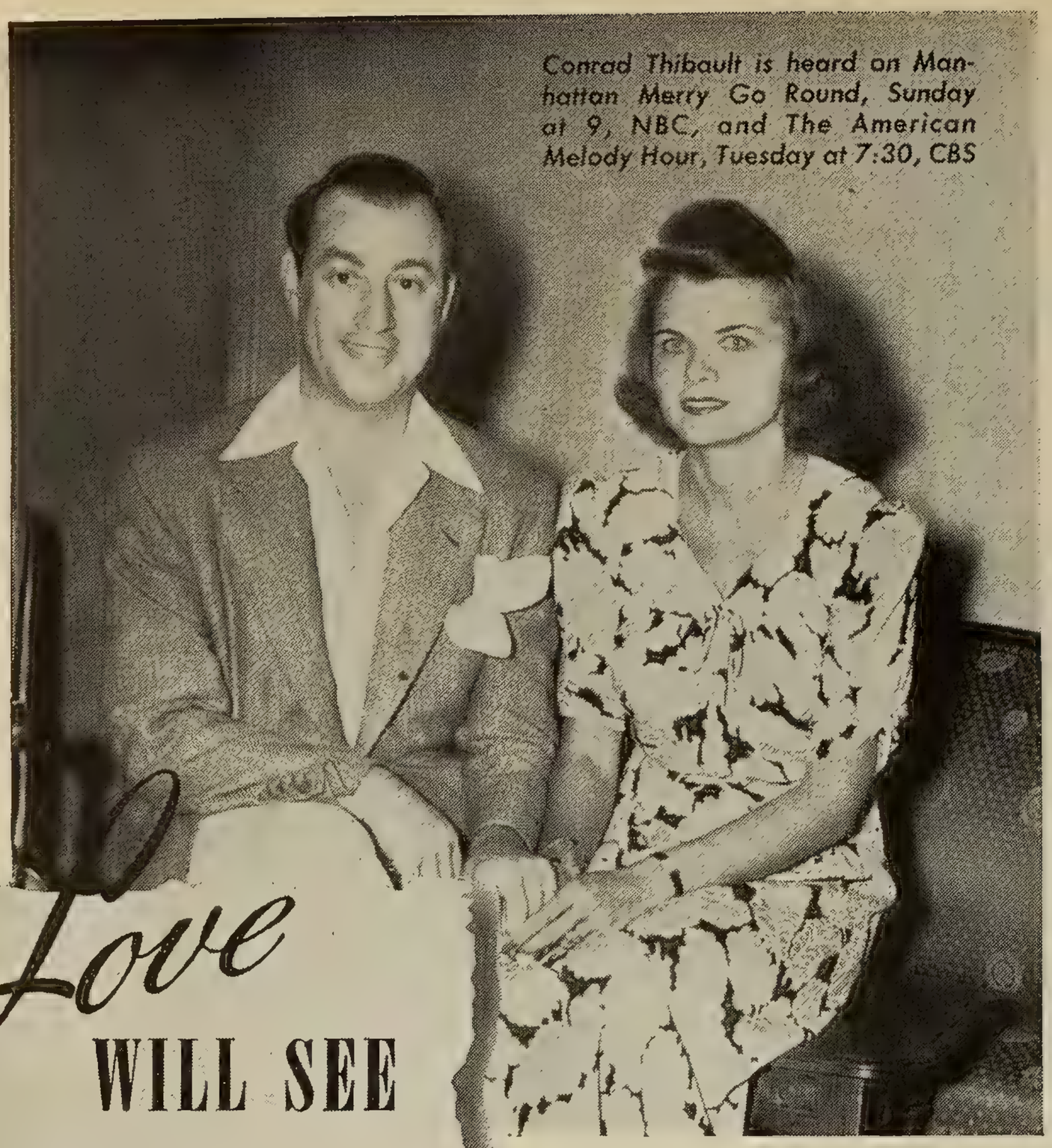


Conrad Thibault is heard on Manhattan Merry Go Round, Sunday at 9, NBC, and The American Melody Hour, Tuesday at 7:30, CBS

Love WILL SEE YOU THROUGH

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

"Can we risk marriage in spite of the war?" Conrad whispered to Mary Clare, and found his answer in the brave faith in her eyes

THERE was the same hush in the room that there is in a world white with snow. A log fell with a soft thud and for a second the fireplace was bright with sparks.

Among the guests that night there was a girl whose big eyes seemed dark until you looked closer to discover a rim of clear, exciting color, sometimes blue, sometimes green, sometimes gray. Her hair was brown and curly. Her features were daintily cut.

"She'll always keep her beauty, too," Conrad Thibault, another guest, thought impersonally, as he was introduced to Mary Clare.

The next morning walking up Madison Avenue, enjoying the small luxury shops, Conrad stopped before a jeweler's window. An old brooch, an aquamarine set in yellow gold, caught his eye.

"Why does that color possess me so?" he asked himself.

An intelligent man, he proceeded to search his mind, honestly and squarely. Of what did that brooch remind him . . . The Bermuda Sea . . . Some pin his mother wore . . .? No, it was the clear, clear color that rimmed Mary Clare West's eyes.

He decided to call Mary Clare, to see if she could have dinner with him.

He dialed her number. "This is Conrad Thibault," he said, recognizing her voice. "If you aren't busy tonight I thought we might have dinner."

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I'm going to the theater."

"Why can't we have dinner before you go to the theater?" he asked.

"I just came from the office," she said, "I have to change . . ."

"It's only five-thirty," he told her.

This twelfth hour insistence coming from any one of the crazy boys with whom Mary Clare trailed around wouldn't have surprised her. It seemed odd that Conrad should rush her out to dinner like this, however.

It was so important to them that they make themselves known to each other. He was pleased that she never had heard of him. Because this indicated she had gone to dinner with him because she liked *him*, not because she relished the idea of being seen with a celebrity. But he did want her to know his name ranked in the concert and radio worlds.

Mary Clare had had to tell him how she worked as translator for an exporting firm, how she had been born in New York but had lived in Cuba so long she knew Spanish like a native.

The very next week they drove up to the country for tea and cinnamon toast beside the fire. They drove to the lower tip of Manhattan too and parked the car to explore Trinity churchyard and the narrow, twisting trees which once were the theater for American history. They were together whenever they could be.

The first concert trip Conrad made after he and Mary Clare met kept him in the West and in the South for a month and more. They went out with others during this separation. It was this, finally, that made them wonder about their feeling for each other.

"I missed you," she told him.

"And I missed you!" She loved his smile.

"I think," Conrad said, "it's time I stopped fooling myself about my feelings for you, admitted to you and to myself that I love you, that I love you very much indeed."

"Thank Goodness!" said Mary Clare. "Thank Goodness. Because I love you too, *frightfully!*"

It was while they were looking for an apartment that would be for Conrad alone at first and then for the two of them that Conrad told Mary Clare about the old brooch he had seen the morning after he met her, and of how it had reminded him of her eyes.

"For the past month," he said, "I've been searching for an aquamarine with the same clear, exciting color. Last week I found it!" He slipped a yellow gold ring imbedded with an aquamarine on her finger. And he knew, by the quick tears which sprang into her eyes, that she preferred this to any diamond.

A radio stood beside his chair. Idly he turned the dial. A Voice of Doom filled the room. It told of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, of ships sinking and burning, of men fighting and dying, of American flags torn by bullets and scorched by flames.

"We're at war," Conrad said. And Mary Clare's eyes grew large and dark, just like the eyes of many other women.

They were so shocked by the news that it was some time before they realized it shattered their happy plans. Mary Clare was willing to risk a war marriage but Conrad was not willing that she should.

"I cannot marry you and then go off to war!" he said. "That would be no marriage at all."

They said good-by. To him it seemed the great happiness they had known went with her. To her it seemed that it remained behind with him.

Mary Clare's father thought with Conrad about war marriages. But her mother, usually the prudent one, disagreed. "I know the kind of man Conrad is," her mother said. "I can tell by his voice on the radio, by the talks I've had with him on the telephone, by his letters—what you've read to me of them. He's mature beyond his years. He's wise and kind."

As the two women sat talking the telephone bell interrupted them. "New York calling Mary Clare West," said the operator.

"Mary Clare, if you're still willing I've decided to be selfish enough to . . ." It was Conrad!

"When?" she interrupted, "and where? Can you get here for the wedding or shall I meet you in Florida . . .?"

They were married in Miami, and returned to New York and their apartment to await—like others all over a warring world—whatever their fate might be, that whatever happened their love would see them through.

Busy?—Stay lovely, too!

Here's how . . . 3 Ivory beauty recipes . . . for 3 complexion types

WAAC OFFICER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 7″; weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde; SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.*

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is *simple* enough. Just gentle *Ivory* lather, a *soft* washcloth, and *lukewarm* water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is *naturally* dry.

"It's *sensitive*, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin.

" 'Velvet-suds' Ivory *certainly* has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"

HAT DESIGNER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 5″; weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian; SKIN, creamy, with both DRY and OILY tendencies.*

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for *both* areas . . . until I tried Ivory.

"The *dry*, *sensitive* areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the *oilier areas* like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks *so* marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For *my* money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats.

HOMEMAKER . . . *TYPE: Height, 5′ 3″; weight, 112; eyes, brown; hair, chestnut; SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.*

"I was *afraid* to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's *that* mild, *I'll* try it!'

"It's *perfect!* A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a *facial.*

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting *lovelier* all the time!"

Look lovelier . . . use pure, mild IVORY . . . the soap advised by more doctors than all other brands together!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

The very Newest Make-up!

JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

In one box, now . . . 2 make-up aids to give that young, "Velvet-Skin" Look

A LOVELIER new complexion in 2 jiffies!

1. Sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake. Instantly your complexion looks more flawless—smoother!

2. Fluff on Jergens new Face Powder in the flattering shade styled for you. Suddenly, you look young, "alive". And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

For the first time—in this new Jergens "Twin Make-up"—your right shade of make-up cake is *in the same box* with your powder shade. Just $1.00 for both.

$2.00 Value for $1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

Twin Shades... in one box. Both for less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Ask for Jergens "Twin Make-up" today. Select the powder shade that "does things" for you; your twin shade of make-up cake is in the same box. 5 sets of shades. (Jergens Powder, introductory sizes, 25¢, 10¢.)

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Overheard

FUN AT THE FISH FRY

HERE'S how to eliminate the fuss of broiling fish . . . it's so hard to turn . . . the broiler is so hard to clean:

Get an extra piece of clean wrapping paper from the butcher when you buy your fish . . And after the fish has been washed and prepared for broiling, lay it on the clean wrapping paper, which is placed over ordinary paper. Then cut the paper around the fish, and place the whole thing (that is your fish and two layers of paper) on the broiling rack. You see, the wrapping paper contains oil and so it will brown the underneath side of the fish. And then absolutely no turning is necessary. Rose B. Weiss' prize-winning household hint, Meet Your Neighbor, with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network.

EDUCATION IN COMICS

The trick in rapid reading—and moderns must be fast because so much must be read—is to train the eye to grasp a whole phrase or sentence at once.

The compact little balloons of the comic strips accustom the child, who reads them, to take in a whole group of symbols at a glance. Later, when the boy or girl goes to college, he or she will have a tremendous amount of supplementary reading to do. Those who are trained to read and grasp quickly will succeed far better in college life. I don't say the comics will do that for a child, but that reading comics will develop that tendency.—Professor Samuel L. Hamilton, New York University, guest-speaker on Meet Your Neighbor, Blue Network.

IT'S A VEGETABLE!

Victory gardens this spring can benefit from the wood fire that is crackling in your living room now. Save all wood ashes, keep them in a dry place until planting time, and rake them into the soil when you are getting your seed bed ready.—Watson Davis, Adventures In Science, CBS.

SCIENCE SCORES AGAIN

A new kind of surgical dressing for burns and wounds, expected to be of great value to our armed forces, has been developed by Dr. Kenneth L. Pickrell of the department of surgery, Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. The dressing is a film which looks something like rough waxed paper but carries a 30 to 50 percent content of sulfadiazine. These sulfa drug films have been used in more than 100 cases, about 50 of which were patients with burns. In 30 of the burned cases, bacteriological studies showed no evidence of infection.—Adventures In Science, CBS.

LET ME DRY YOUR TEARS

I HADN'T seen Joe Nelson for weeks, and in fact I never knew him very well, even in school. What mad prank of destiny was it that decreed I should be on my way home, that rainy afternoon, at the precise instant Joe, in his car, went past the Lyric Theater on Main Street, and that he should catch sight of me? Why was that day chosen as the one—the only one—on which Joe should be visiting town on his twice-a-month tour of his "territory"? Why, when I laughed and stepped into Joe's car, grateful for the ride home, was the heavy Dodd Brothers truck lumbering south on Sixteenth Street, its progress timed so that it would reach the intersection of Sixteenth and Main exactly at the moment we did?

She had never known a kiss like his. It was the fury of a storm and the sweetness of a moment in the moonlight—how could Nora hate him?

Why? So many times afterward, I asked that of the darkness and silence in my own room. Why should all these chance events have added up to tragedy?

There was no traffic signal at Sixteenth and Main, and in the dusk and driving rain we didn't see the dim lights of the truck—didn't know it was upon us until it struck and sent Joe's little car slithering sideways across the gleaming wet asphalt. I heard a scream—my own—and then I felt something like the crack of a whip across my face, and after that I heard and saw nothing more at all.

Perhaps, if it had happened two years earlier, there would have been no scar. Young Dr. Mayhew had had experience in plastic surgery, and he might have been able to help me. But Dr. Mayhew was a Captain in the Medical Corps, many miles away, and the doctor I had knew very little about the business of preventing flesh from healing in a jagged, puckered line that traced itself from my temple almost to my chin.

It would fade in time, he said com-

fortably, ignorant of the hatred that was in my heart at the sound of the carelessly-spoken words. I would grow old, too—in time!

I almost hated my mother and father, too, for their kindly, well-meaning efforts to pretend that the scar didn't matter. How could they be so stupid? Didn't they know why George Bailey had come to see me, just twice, after I was out of the hospital and the bandages were gone—and then had never come again?

I'D known he was coming, and I purposely waited in the living room while Mother answered his ring at the front door. There was only one light in the living room—a bridge lamp on the right side of my chair. The left side of my face would be in shadow if I stayed where I was—and I intended to. My thick blonde hair, cut in a long page-boy bob, would have helped if only the scar had been nearer the hairline.

George came in and took my hand, bending over as if to kiss me, but I drew away. Some power outside myself refused to let him get near enough to see the scar. He straightened and said stiffly, obviously offended:

"It's good to see you again, Nora."

That word "see"! It was like a finger pointing at my face. I answered, with a bitterness I didn't try to conceal, "Is it?"

He sat down, and although he wasn't actually on the edge of the chair he somehow gave that impression. We must have talked, but I'm sure I don't know what about. There was only one thing in each of our minds. The scar. *The scar.* He was wondering about it, trying to pierce the shadows of my carefully arranged stage setting, calculating just how much it had spoiled the face he had once thought so lovely. And I—knowing I could not keep him from seeing it forever, was still sitting with that side of my face averted, holding it in the shadows, stiff and unmoving.

George moved uneasily at last, uncrossing his long legs. "Like to go for a ride, or to the movies?" he said. "Or I told Jack and Carolyn we might drop in to see them tonight."

"Oh, no!" I said convulsively. "No!" In my instinctive horror at the thought of going out where people, all sorts of people, could see me, I incautiously turned a little, and at that moment of all moments I heard him catch his breath and knew that he had seen.

At once, he tried to cover up his involuntary gasp. "Sure, come on," he urged. "They're staying home especially tonight, just on the chance we'll come. It'll do you good to go out."

"No," I said again. "I don't want to go out."

"Well—" He glanced at me, looked away again, then took a deep breath and said, "Look, Nora, you mustn't—I mean, you can't just sit here in the house all the time—"

"Why not?" I heard my voice rising hysterically, but I was powerless to lower it. "I think that's the best thing for me to do!"

"That's crazy! It isn't the best thing at all. You've got it—"

It was so clear to me that he was forcing himself, trying to be noble and do the right thing, while all the time he wanted nothing so much as to be out of the house, away from me, that I had to clench my hands until the nails bit into the palms to keep from screaming at him. My fury passed, and in its place came a kind of cold resignation. After all, what else could I have expected?

"I guess I'm tired, George," I interrupted his stumbling succession of insincerities. "I think I'd better go to bed. You don't mind, do you?"

Instantly he was on his feet, unable to keep from showing his relief. "I'll see you tomorrow or the next night," he said, and I answered, "Yes."

Mother and Father were in the dining room across the hall, and they called to me when they heard George leaving, but I called back that I was going to bed. I knew if I lingered another minute downstairs I would give way to the tears which came a second after I'd shut the door of my own room.

"Let Me Dry Your Tears," by Norton Russell, was adapted from an original radio drama, "The Last of the Regans," by Kenneth Webb, broadcast on the Armstrong Theater of Today, heard Saturday 12 noon, over CBS.

All my life I had known I was beautiful. And now this gift of loveliness was gone.

And yet they were a strange sort of tears. I was crying not because I loved George Bailey, as much as out of a baffled, impotent rage and hurt. All my life I had known I was beautiful. I had accepted admiration for that beauty as my right. I had been tall and slim and graceful; in school I'd gone to every dance, and could have as my escort any boy I chose. And now this gift of loveliness was gone. It would have been better if I had never possessed it.

George and I had been going together more or less steadily for about a year. I wasn't at all sure I loved him, but I liked the stares of admiration we caused when people saw us together. He was as perfect physically as I had been—strong, taller than the average man, with regular, boldly-modeled features. It was exciting to watch him move, see him smile. Somehow, it seemed right that we should be together.

I had almost loved him, and now I knew that I could have loved him fully if he had been big enough to make me forget my ravaged face. It was a weakness in him that had made this impossible, I said to myself bitterly—a weakness you would never, looking at his outward appearance of strength, suspect. Any more than you would suspect the murmurous, overstrained heart that had made him 4-F and kept him out of the draft.

He came to see me once more, but that was all.

The days passed, and life for me became a gray nightmare of monotony. The truck that struck us had been insured, and a check came from the insurance company, along with some sort of document that I signed. I was glad that the money could be used to pay my hospital and doctor bills, so they wouldn't be a drain on Father—otherwise the money meant less than nothing to me. Money couldn't erase the scar on my face or rebuild the damaged facial muscles.

I didn't consciously decide not to venture out of the house, so much as I postponed the step from day to day, until the habit of fear became too strong to break. At first Mother and Father tried to persuade me to go out with them, shopping or to the movies, but I always refused. I couldn't face the stares, curious or pitying—or perhaps, a few of the feminine ones, covertly pleased. I could not. It would take more bravery than I possessed.

"Nora, dear," Mother said gently once, "you mustn't take—all this—so hard. Your father and I are worried about you. Can't you realize that it doesn't make any difference to people if you do have a little scar? You're still the same Nora Valentine they've always known and loved."

Poor Mother! I was sorry to hurt her and Father, but every word she spoke only proved to me how little she understood. My "little scar" had made a difference to George Bailey, hadn't it? And I wasn't the same Nora Valentine, either. I had changed inwardly as well as outwardly.

"I just don't want to go out," I said stubbornly, and warned by my tone, she dropped the subject.

IT was three months after the accident when the front doorbell rang, one night when Mother and Father had gone to play bridge with some friends. At first I made up my mind not to answer it. It might be one of my old friends—a few of them (not many, I used to remind myself wryly) still tried occasionally to see me. But whoever it was would not be ignored. The bell shrilled insistently, in long, repeated peals, until, with the fear of accidents that was always with me now, I hurried to the door, thinking that something might have happened to Father and Mother.

It was a man I'd never seen before—a young man, dressed in rough tweeds, shapeless and undistinguished, and a battered hat which he snatched off his head when he saw me.

"Have I the honor of speaking to Miss Nora Valentine?" he asked, the old-fashioned courtliness of the words oddly accompanied by a broad, almost impudent smile. I could see he was very sure of himself. His clothes were shabby, but he wore them with a swagger, as if they'd been tailored for him. His black hair was rumpled into curls as unruly as the spirit that laughed out of his eyes.

"Yes," I said curtly, still holding the door only a little ajar.

"My name's Regan," he explained cheerfully. "Jerry Regan. Joe Nelson spoke to me (*Continued on page* 61)

Glimpse

"Blue like your eyes, and a star for luck," Bill whispered.

IMAGINE this. Imagine being in love—not just a schoolgirl crush, but the forever-and-forever kind of love—with a man you never get a chance to see. Imagine never sharing the precious little things that make love wonderful. No sweetness of kisses . . . no breath-held moments in the night's silence when the moonlight blesses lovers . . . no shared dreams, even, because you aren't ever together long enough to build your dreams.

Imagine knowing that the man your heart belongs to is there in the same house with you, down a short hall, and up one flight of stairs, but knowing, too, that you must not go to him, that he will not come to you.

That's when all your happiness turns bitter and threatens to turn your love to bitterness, too, and longing becomes a hurt past bearing, and you waken to a dull world each morning, no matter how brightly the sun is shining, because you have nothing to look forward to . . .

It was that way with Bill and me. Oh, it wasn't that Bill stayed away from me on purpose. It wasn't that I loved a man who didn't love me. Bill's heart was as much mine as mine was his—and there couldn't have been any greater love in the whole world than my heart held for Bill. It was circumstances that kept us apart. Maybe I'd better go back to the beginning—

The beginning was a day in spring, the kind of day, Bill said afterwards, that was as clean and fresh as if its mother had just washed its neck and ears. And when I told him that wasn't very romantic he made his face very solemn and told me that there wasn't anything romantic about a day with dirty neck and ears. That's the way Bill was, then—back then in that one week into which we tried to crowd a lifetime of being together, knowing that it was going to be over too soon, that Bill was going to belong to night and I was going to belong to day, and there's no way in the world of making night and day be one.

But I was telling you about the beginning day. Until then I'd just been anybody you might meet on a crowded street at noon time, or in a line waiting to buy a ticket to the movies. Pat Butler, my name is, and I work in a radio station—probably one you've never heard of, because it's just a

# of Heaven

They rebelled against the fate that kept them apart—so young they were, so much in love, and no time left to build their dreams

little one, and you can't hear it much outside the city limits. I don't even have a glamorous radio job—just a typist in the continuity department.

But on that particular spring day I felt as if I were someone very special. I felt it even before I got home, as if some part of my mind had flown on ahead of me and knew what was waiting there. I even sang out loud a little bit as I hopped aboard the streetcar, and people turned to look at me, and smiled indulgent smiles. And then, after the short streetcar ride, I almost skipped the last two blocks to the boardinghouse where I lived, counting the sharp little clicks my heels made on the sidewalk, really singing now and not caring a bit whether people looked at me.

AND then I was home. And there he was.

I didn't see the rest of them at all—the girl from Tracy's Department Store, the man who sells brushes, or the old man who is retired, although they were sitting on the steps in the sun just as they practically always were when I got home. I just saw him.

It's funny how you can *tell* about some people at once. Even before the old man who is retired introduced us, I knew just how Bill's eyes would twinkle when he smiled, and how white and fine his teeth would be, and how his whole face would light up.

The old man was saying, "Pat, meet the new addition to our family. Name's Bill Carey, and he's going to start at the Allerton Works next week. Pat Butler, Bill."

Bill held out his hand to me, and then, as if he sensed already that there was more between us than the formality of shaking hands, he put out his other hand, too, and stood holding mine and looking down at me. And all I could do was turn my face up to smile at him. There just wasn't one word in me right then.

He said, and his voice was soft and firm at once, the way his hands felt, "Hi Pat," so then I could talk, too, and I said, "Hello, Bill." And then we just stood and looked at each other some more until the girl from Tracy's laughed, and said, "Hey, break it up, you two!"

So Bill said, just as if there wasn't another soul who could hear, "What are you doing tonight, Pretty?" And that was the beginning.

I liked—everything about him. I liked the breadth of his shoulders, and the strength of his arms. I liked the way his hair curled every-which-way and wouldn't stay combed two minutes. I liked the way he called me "Pretty," right from the start, because it didn't sound fresh, the way it looks written down. When Bill said it, it was a name, not a description—a name all his own he'd invented for me, to be said in a special voice, in a special kind of way. We got to know each other awfully well that very first night, Bill and I. We didn't do anything extraordinary—just went to the movies, and had coffee and sandwiches afterwards, and then walked a little in the park before we came home to the boarding house—but it was a wonderful night, just the same. Half way through the show Bill found my hand and held fast to it, and we sat the rest of the way through the picture with our fingers locked, and the pulses in our wrists, so close together, beating a faster and faster rhythm. And in the park Bill slipped his arm around my waist, and that seemed right and natural, too. And at the foot of the stairs, when we got home, he kissed me—and nothing was ever righter than that!

I didn't feel funny at all, letting a boy I'd just met kiss me. Bill wasn't a boy I'd just met. Bill was all the rest of my life, and I knew it even then. All the rest of my life, and it was as if this afternoon I'd rounded a corner when I met him and could at last see my life spread out ahead of me.

By the next evening we were making plans. We'd do all the things we'd always wanted to do, and we'd do them together. We'd spend every free moment together, every second—

"Of course," Bill pointed out ruefully, "there won't be so very many free moments, Pretty. I'll be working nights at Allerton's, you know, on a six-day shift."

"But you'll have a day—or a night, I mean—off," I put in. "It would be wonderful if it could be Sunday—then we'd have the whole day together, and the whole evening."

He nodded. "Yes, it'd be wonderful—but that shift is pretty well full by now, I'll bet, and there must be lots of family men who've asked to have Sunday free. They have to stagger the days off, you know—" Then he stopped, and grinned down at me. "Oh, what are we worryng about, anyway, Pretty? When you want to be together you can always find time for it—and we want to be together. Right?"

"Right," I told him, with all the meaning in the world.

That night I went to bed full of a delicious weariness, but I couldn't sleep. And I knew what was wrong with me. I was in love. I was as much in love as any girl ever has been or ever will be. So I kissed my hand to the ceiling, after a long while, in the direction of Bill's room upstairs, and then I laughed at myself for being foolish, and stopped laughing because I knew it wasn't foolish at all.

The next day was Friday, and I had to go to work, of course, but we had the evening together, and Saturday night, too, and all day Sunday. Mostly we just talked, because somehow we had to know all there was to know about each other. Bill told me about his mother and aunt who lived together in a little town half way across the continent, and his pretty sister Nita, who had married an engineer and who was in South America. And I told him how I'd been an orphan for a long time, and about the people who had brought me and my brother up, and about that adored young brother Nick, whose only address now was an A.P.O. number in San Francisco which meant that he was doing his fighting for us at home somewhere in the Solomons.

That's how Bill and I spent those first days of ours together—our beginning—in a slow, leisurely fashion, as if there wasn't a reason in the world for hurry. And then, on Monday, Bill went to work at Allerton's—the big ornamental iron works on the outskirts of town which was making parts for airplanes these days. So of course I didn't see him the evenings of that week either, but Thursday when I got home there was a note under my door. "This," the note said, "is a heck of a fix we're in. See you before work Sunday, I guess."

So I scribbled "Bright and early Sunday," on a piece of paper and slid it under *his* door. You see, we'd only been apart a few days then, and we didn't realize what it was going to mean—we could still be cheerful about it. Besides, I told myself a bit wistfully as I came back down the stairs, there'd be Sundays, and there'd be days off and there'd be—oh, we'd fix it some way. It wasn't going to be fun, but we'd manage. We'd have to manage, because it meant so much.

I didn't sleep much Saturday night, either—not until dawn began to make the sky gray—because I was looking forward to being with Bill, and look-

ing backward on all the things Bill had said to me from the more balanced retrospect of several days without him.

What had he said about starting in business for himself after the war? "A man with a business of his own can dare to plan." Well, and would those plans—when he got to them, and when he got to know me better—include me, too? He'd talked about the kind of house he'd like to have someday, a little gray-shingled house far enough out of town to escape the smoke and the soot, "The kind of place a man's glad to get home to, at night," he'd said, "and find his wife waiting and dinner already. I don't ask much out of life—I'd sort of like to dry dishes for my wife, and take her to the movies when the dishes are done, and maybe, after a while, take care of the kids sometimes so she could have an evening with her girl friends."

WELL, what more could anyone ask? I shut my eyes very tight and hoped hard that the girl in that dream of Bill's was beginning to look like me. And I discovered that night that those are the things that dreams are made of—little gray houses, and dishes to wash, not wealth and position and castles in Spain.

I guess I went to sleep at last, but I woke up early—much too early for poor Bill. I bathed and dressed to the tune of my own singing, and ran up the stairs to tap on his door. "Bill," I called. "Bill—get up, lazybones—it's Sunday morning."

His voice, sleepily protesting, came back at me. "Good grief, girl, I've only been in bed about three hours." Then there was a yawn, and I could imagine him stretching those firmly muscled arms of his high above his head. "Okay," he finished, a moment later, "be down in ten minutes."

Sleepy-eyed but smiling, he came down to breakfast a short while later, and after breakfast was over we went walking in the park. We fed peanuts to the squirrels and tossed popcorn into the lake for the ducks, and all the while I felt as if something tight had been tied around my heart, it was so good, so almost frighteningly good, to be with Bill again.

But the clouds rolled across the bright sunlight of that happiness when at last Bill and I sat down on a bench and began to talk, for the first thing Bill said was, "Pretty, I did it this time because I couldn't wait another minute to see you, but after this I can't get up this early, Sunday or no Sunday. You see, I don't get home till well after four. But we'll have my night off together—every Tuesday night belongs to you and me! I didn't get last Tuesday off, of course, because I'd just gone to work—but starting this week—!"

I felt exactly as if someone had reached up a monstrous hand and blacked out the sun. "But Bill," I managed in a small voice, after a moment, "Tuesday's my night to work."

First he just looked at me. Then "But—but Pat, why should you work any night? You don't have a defense job—"

"I know," I put in— "I guess it's because so many people do have defense jobs that I have to work, Bill. We're terribly short-handed at the station, and each of us girls agreed to work one night a week. We made up the schedule a long time ago . . ." My voice faded out, and then I thought of something. "But Bill, you must have just asked for your night off—couldn't you get it changed?"

He shook his head. "I didn't ask for it, Pretty—it was given to me. That's the way the schedule stacks up—and when you're making wings for the Army, you don't ask for favors. Look, Pat, can't you trade nights with one of the other girls?"

It was my turn to shake my head. "I—well, Bill, it's this way. When we made up the schedule, I was the only girl who wasn't going—I mean, I'm the only girl among us who isn't going steady, and so I took the night no one else wanted, because it didn't matter to me."

Bill absently flicked the last peanut at an importunate squirrel, and then crumpled the empty bag fiercely in his hand. "Well," he said, at last, "I guess we'll just have to make the best of it, Pretty—but you see if one of the other girls wants to trade with you, will you?"

I said I would, knowing it wouldn't be any use, frantically running over in my mind the nights all of us took off. Alice's Joe worked every night but Tuesday. Mary's husband—oh, it just wasn't any good. The schedule had been made, and it had to stand. I heard my voice, smaller than ever, asking, "Bill—then how do we—when do we—?"

He leaned back. "Well, let's look at it, Pretty—look it square in the eye. Sundays, we'll see each other—but I'll have to sleep later than this, Pat. I'll get up around 11:30 or so, and I'll have to leave at 5:30 to get to work on time."

"Glimpse of Heaven," By Margaret E. Sangster, was suggested by a story heard on "Report to the Nation," over CBS.

He moved closer to me, and took my hand. "So that takes care of Sundays. And then—well, I guess you've got a standing date for lunch, Pat."

Lunch! "Oh, Bill," I began, "what's the use of—" And then I remembered my brother Nick, who hadn't even laid eyes on his girl—or probably any girl—for nearly a year, and I remembered the long queue of inductees I'd seen the other morning, boys who looked frighteningly as if they'd just laid down their baseball bats and roller skates to pick up guns. Maybe Bill was thinking the same sort of thing, because his hand tightened on mine, and he said, "Well, Pretty, it's not such a swell prospect—but we'll make out."

And so we made out, if you can call it that. I don't want to sound as if I were considering myself horribly mistreated. I know that when you remember women who lose their men to the war for months and for years and forever, I was pretty lucky just to lose mine six-and-a-half days a week to the war effort. But if you'll remember how it felt when first you fell in love, you'll remember, too, how hard it is to be unselfish, how hard it is to face the feeling of wasted time slipping through your fingers.

Oh, those lunches of ours! If they hadn't been so close to tragic I suppose they would have been funny. In the first place, we didn't meet every day. My lunch hour—as firmly fixed as time itself—was from twelve till one, and sometimes poor Bill was so tired he slept right through. And then—well, if you've ever tried to have any privacy in a busy city restaurant at the noon hour, you'll know what I mean.

The little cafe we finally chose as our regular meeting place wasn't quite as jammed as the others—which meant that once in a great while we could have a table to ourselves. But even then there were people chattering all around us, and dishes clattering, and the high strident calls of the boys at the lunch counter along one wall. We had to shout at each other above the din—and you can't shout the small words which should be spoken under your breath. How can you say, "Darling, I love you," when a voice in competition with yours is crying, "Adam and Eve on a raft!"

I knew what I wanted to say, and I was pretty sure by then that I knew what Bill wanted to say, but usually we had to settle for things that didn't mean much. Sometimes we'd talk a little about our work, and I'd tell him about the programs we were doing for the government, or he'd tell me about the plant.

He complained one day after he'd missed two lunches in a row with me, because so many of the fellows were absent that they had to keep the rest of the men overtime even after their extra-length nine-hour shift. "Must be a regular epidemic of flu, I guess," Bill said, attacking his ham and cheese sandwich. "Seems as if there's always two or three fellows out."

"Must be the weather," I agreed absently— (*Continued on page* 54)

If love were all—

The memory of her anguish is now dim and twisted, but through it all, Arda knows she never wants to see her husband again!

THE STORY

IT was Gene's older brother, Tim, who made our marriage possible. It was Tim who made all the arrangements, giving us his share of their inheritance so that we could have a fine start, with Gene running the service station at the edge of town and my taking care of the cozy little apartment just upstairs. For me that honeymoon week was beauty made real. No matter what has happened since, that week is something I shall always remember, its loveliness undiminished by time or by tears. It never occurred to me to wonder at Gene's ways. I thought I knew him so well. Yet, in those first days of our marriage I might have known Gene could lie. He had revealed to me his secret self the night when I said we'd pay back Tim's money. But the intoxicating nearness of his lips helped me to persuade myself that I had not seen the mocking look on Gene's face when he answered, "some chance!"

SOMETIMES the smallest things can make you happy. The pattern of sunlight on a freshly scrubbed linoleum floor, the drape of a cobweb-soft ninon curtain as it stirs in the breeze from the open window, the sound of hammering from outside —these can be precious, when you know that you have scrubbed the linoleum and hung the curtains, and that it is your husband's hand grasping the hammer.

"I never knew it was so wonderful to be married!" I used to say to myself—wonderingly, as if I had just made a discovery new to the whole world.

From the lofty vantage point of having been Mrs. Eugene Gorman for six whole months, I looked back and marveled at the girl who was Arda Milton. It seemed ages since I was living with my parents, waiting every evening for Gene's telephone call, alternately raised to seventh heaven and plunged into deepest despair by the swift changes of first love. And to think that if it hadn't been for Gene's older brother Tim we might still be apart!

Again and again I blessed Tim for having made our marriage possible, with his generosity. For if he hadn't turned over his share of the boys' inheritance from their dead parents, Gene would still be working for eighteen dollars a week at Searles' Service Station. Of course, we'd pay the money back someday, but meanwhile—

The stairs towered endlessly above me. I couldn't pull myself up. I felt myself falling.

Meanwhile, Tim was away where he'd wanted to be, in an Army training camp, and we were here, in our own marvelous place. It was in two parts, this private universe that belonged to Gene and me. One part was mine and one part his. Downstairs, Gene ruled over the gasoline pumps and the hydraulic lift, the repair shop and neatly stacked cans of lubricating oil and clutter of queer-shaped tools whose uses or names I never could learn. And upstairs, I swept and washed and cooked and made careful lists of things to buy on my daily shopping expeditions, with special attention to the foods Gene liked best.

I WOULD have liked to enter Gene's world a little, and bring him more into mine. It would have been nice, I thought, if I could take care of the bills that came in for gasoline and tires and batteries, write checks to pay them, enter the day's receipts in a big ledger every night and keep track of the few charge accounts we ran with regular customers. It would have been fun, and besides I'd taken a bookkeeping course in high school and wanted to use my knowledge. But when I suggested it, Gene tilted up my face with his finger under my chin and laughed:

"You're too pretty to have any head for figures, chicken. I'll take care of the sordid details."

Another thing I'd have liked would have been Gene's help and interest around the house. There's something awfully intimate, to me, about a man helping his wife decide where to put the new chair they've just bought—or simply in drying the dishes while she washes them. But there again Gene cheerfully refused to have anything to do with the apartment, which he said was my job.

It was silly of me to mind such little things, when being married to Gene was so wonderful in other ways, and of course I didn't mind, not really.

I must have been very self-centered in my happiness, because it never occurred to me that there might be discontent in Gene's heart. Blindly, I failed to see the signs that might have told me, until, when full knowledge came, I was shocked and hurt.

Oddly, it was a rainy spring night, almost a duplicate of the night we had first fallen in love only a year before, when we had our first quarrel.

We were late in having supper. Gene had been working on a rush repair job, badly hampered by the fact that the boy he'd hired to wait on gas customers had recently quit and hadn't been replaced. All day long Gene was crawling out from under the car, selling gasoline or checking tires, and then crawling back again, and now he was tired and cross. It was the worst time in the world for old Mrs. Chandler, one of our steadiest but most infuriating customers, to choose to stop her car and blow its horn imperiously.

When Gene came back from waiting on her he was dripping with rain, but there was a kind of furious satisfaction about him.

"I told *her* a few things," he said, sitting down to the half-eaten steak I'd put back into the oven to keep warm for him. "I'll bet it's the last time she comes along at eight o'clock on a rainy night and wants her tires and battery checked!"

"Didn't she buy any gas?"

"Oh, sure, but she didn't need it. Only took five gallons. I hope she never comes back—she's the kind of customer I can do without." Glowering, he pushed his plate away. "This thing's like leather now."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I tried to keep it warm for you—"

"Doesn't matter," he said shortly. "I'm not hungry." He dropped his knife and fork on the plate with a clatter and stood up. "I'm sick of this business!" he burst out. "Plenty sick of it, I'm telling you! Work like a fool all day, tied down so I can't even eat a meal in peace, never go anywhere or have any fun, have to take orders from old bats that think they own me just because they buy a couple of gallons of gasoline— It's no life at all, if anybody should ask you!"

I was astounded by his sudden anger. Oh, I'd known that the long hours and frequent inconveniences were annoying, but I'd thought he knew, as I did, they were inescapable and must be endured until we could afford a full-time, responsible person to take full charge of the gasoline and service end of the business. But this was a Gene I'd never seen before—white-faced, eyes blazing, filled with a passion that threatened to erupt into violence.

"I know," I tried to soothe him. "But pretty soon it won't be so bad—we'll get another boy to help you out—"

"Yes, and starve to death while we pay him! There just isn't enough business to hire a boy—that's why I let the last one go."

"That's why you—" I repeated the words mechanically. "But Gene, why didn't you tell me?"

"I'm telling you now! I hope you

Gene had put his arm carelessly, lightly around my shoulders. Was it his way of telling me he was sorry?

don't think there's anything *you* can do about it?" There was sarcasm in his voice, a cutting sarcasm that wanted to hurt—wanted to hurt something, anything, whatever was nearest to hand. My eyes filled with tears.

"I might," I said. "I could—"

But he wasn't listening. "I wish to God Tim hadn't talked me into taking this place," he said. "I wish he'd minded his own business!"

It took me a second or two to realize what he was saying, and when I did I felt as if a cold finger had touched my heart. Still, I tried to smile. "If he had," I said, "we wouldn't be married."

"That might be all right, too!"

The door slammed behind him.

That might be all right, too . . . That might be all right, too . . . That might be all right, too.

The words stayed in the little room with me. They echoed from the walls. Such simple, ordinary words, but they were cruel and hard, like rocks thrown against soft flesh. They arranged themselves in my brain, and would stay there until I died.

He came back upstairs after a while, of course, and found me still sitting beside the table, my face buried in my arms, crying; and there were apologies and explanations. He hadn't meant it, he'd been so tired and furious he was willing to say anything—all the excuses I was eager to accept and might have made for him to myself if I hadn't been so stunned. And I found all the sweeter haven in his arms for having thought I would never feel them around me again. But the words had been spoken, and could never be wished back into silence.

The next morning, at breakfast, I suggested, "Gene, I've been thinking . . . You know, I *could* help you with the station, if you'd let me. I mean, I could take care of gasoline and oil customers for a few hours every afternoon, so you wouldn't be interrupted then at your repair work. That way, you'd be able to handle more repair jobs and we still would be saving money."

Gene's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Mmm, yes," he said doubtfully. "But customers don't much like having a woman wait on them."

"I'd wear slacks and a sweater," I urged, "and I'd be so efficient and cheerful they couldn't help liking it."

Gene grinned, and when he grinned he was very handsome, with white teeth and blue eyes shining. "All right, chicken," he said. "Let's try it and see how it works out. Only don't let me catch you putting lubricating oil into somebody's battery."

And so it became a settled thing that from after lunch until late in the afternoon I was on duty downstairs at the station. It didn't occur to me then—or if it did I banished the thought quickly—that Gene's willingness to have me waiting on customers was in odd contrast to his refusal to let me keep the accounts.

It was fun, selling gasoline and oil, even though it meant I had to work harder in the mornings and give up almost entirely going into town to see my mother. I've always liked to meet people and talk to them, and here there was plenty of chance for that. The equipment of the station was all new and easy to handle, and Gene was there in the repair shop in case someone wanted an oil-changing job or something else which was too much for my strength or knowledge. But best of all was the feeling that I was now really Gene's partner.

THE only drawback, as far as I was concerned, was that there was nothing much to do in the intervals between customers. I had to put in the time as best I could, polishing up the pumps and oil cans with a bit of old waste, or watching Gene at work in the shop.

It was about a week after I began working in the station that Gene remarked casually, "Murphy's car's all ready for him, and I haven't got anything else to do. Think I'll run up to town for a couple of hours."

"Why—all right," I said, a little taken aback at the thought of being left all alone. "What for?"

"Nothing much. Just to get away from the place for a while. I'll probably drop into Burger's and have a beer and shoot a game of pool. You don't mind, do you?" he added in a calm, level tone that somehow made me realize I mustn't mind.

"Oh no, of course not," I said.

But as I watched him drive away in the ramshackle, noisy old car, I had to swallow a lump that had risen in my throat. Only for a moment, and then—

"Don't be silly," I scolded myself firmly. "This place *is* confining, and Gene has a perfect right to want to get away from it and relax once in a while. I have my shopping trips in the morning, but he's stuck here all the time. There's no reason he shouldn't have a few hours off (*Continued on page* 83)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Those We Love

Meet those lovely people of Westbridge you've been listening to weekly on CBS, sponsored by Grape Nuts

KATHY MARSHALL FOSTER, right, recently married to Dr. Leslie Foster, is the young daughter of John Marshall. The Marshall family of Westbridge, typical New England town, consists of Dad Marshall, Kathy and her twin brother Kit, Aunt Emily, Mr. Marshall's sister-in-law, Uncle Jerry, his brother, and Martha, their housekeeper. Kathy is a sweet, practical girl, whose every action and word shows the devotion and good training she received from her father and Aunt Emily. Always thinking of others, Kathy is often taken in by outsiders who have less generous feelings.

(Played by Nan Grey)

DR. LESLIE FOSTER AND AMY. Young, handsome Dr. Foster is the typical small town doctor, untiring in his care of the sick at all hours of the day and night. He's been both father and mother to his little daughter Amy. She's the child of his first wife, who was killed in an automobile accident. Until Kathy married him, Leslie used to wait patiently for Kathy to fall out of love with every young man who fell in love with her. Nothing has made him happier than the fact that his daughter Amy and his wife Kathy took to each other from the start and have become such wonderful pals.

(Played by Donald Woods)
(Amy played by Ann Todd)

KIT MARSHALL, Kathy's twin brother, is a dynamic young fellow, full of enthusiasm to do his part in the war. He's disappointed that he has been assigned to instructing rather than combat service in the Ferry Command. He and Kathy are very fond of each other and are so close in their thoughts and feelings that when accidents have occurred in their lives, one has felt the hurt as much as the other. Elaine (pictured here with Kit) is Kathy's friend and partner in the decorating shop. She's in love with Kit and though he's proposed, she won't accept him until she's sure he's really in love with her.

(Played by Bill Henry and Helen Wood)

JOHN MARSHALL'S entire interest centers around his twin children, Kit and Kathy. His wife died when they were very young, and John brought his sister-in-law Emily into his home to mother the twins. Mr. Marshall is a prolific reader of books, takes things seriously, but never fails to see the humorous side of life, and is ready at all times to help paint silver linings for any black clouds his loved ones encounter.
(Played by Francis X. Bushman)

AUNT EMILY (left), is considered the "brains" of the Marshall family. All important decisions and turning points are influenced by her good judgment and common sense, and this judgment is always prompted by her love and consideration for the various members of the family and their friends. She is more or less a leaning post for the others, and without her they would be lost. MARTHA (above), housekeeper for the Marshalls, is part of the family. Her interests are shared not only by Mr. Marshall and Aunt Emily, but by the twins as well. Having raised the twins since they were babies, she centers her life around building their happiness, and enjoys nothing more than baking a batch of Kit's pet cookies, or fixing Kathy's favorite meat dish.
(Aunt Emily played by Alma Kruger)
(Martha played by Virginia Sale)

Take a chance on happiness

LOVE, I grew up believing, comes once to every woman. I thought that once had come to me when I met Michael Wayne. Since then I have learned how the heart can betray you. And how some women are lucky, for to them love comes freely and openly and beautifully the very first time. But to some women—those like me—madness comes disguised as love.

Madness was Michael Wayne. His unsmiling eyes searching mine. His long brown fingers setting the pulses leaping in my wrists. His voice, deep and stirring, a whisper above my lips. "Take a chance—gamble with me on happiness, Janice! Be brave! Only the brave deserve . . ."

Michael was movie-story romance, glamour—the kind of love that does not grow on every bush in suburban communities like Rosedale. Suburban life doesn't produce glamour. It produces solid marriage. Marriage complete with home and kids, hard work and worries, clashes of wills and sometimes quarrels—and with loyalty and affection and friendship and even habit playing a part.

Something, in short, that's a far cry from an eternal honeymoon. And at eighteen, at twenty, I was convinced marriage like that would be the stodgiest sort of compromise. "Second-best," I'd say, "Look at my Mother and Dad—tired and grumpy with each other half the time. Sure, they're lambs and I love them. But if I can't have anything more exciting than what they've got—if I can't have the perfect thing—then I'm not having any. . . ."

The one I argued with like that was Kenny Randall. Kenny was the boy next door. We grew up together. We fought and made up, read the same books and studied the same lessons, and he beau'ed me to my first dance wearing his first long pants and braces on his teeth.

Afterwards, in high school, I wore

To some women love comes beautifully the very first time. But to others—girls like Jan Bennett—madness comes disguised as love!

Kenny's fraternity pin. But after graduation I gave it back. All at once it struck me as silly to wear it. True, Kenny had changed a lot since the brace-and-freckles days. His teeth flashed white and even in the friendliest grin in the world, football practice and swimming had given him powerful shoulders, he was tall, a smooth dancer, plenty of girls thought him attractive. Still, I wasn't romantic about him! He was just my best friend.

The first time Kenny proposed to me was right after he got his job in an accountant's office. Some day he hoped to be a CPA himself, have an office of his own. He held out no shining prospects to me—just the same, when he talked about the future, he talked about his dream.

But he was twenty, shy, afraid of words because he'd had no practice with them. He could not make me see the dream. I heard only his words, and they sounded stodgy. "Good heavens," I cried, "You haven't given me a single good reason why I *should* marry you! So we can have fun together? We have fun anyhow. So we can make a down payment on a model bungalow? So we can raise a couple of kids and then worry about how to put them through college?"

Because I hated hurting him, I was too flip about the whole thing. Kenny said stubbornly, "Stop it! Don't twist what I've said, Jan! You know perfectly well what I mean. We should get married because we're in love."

But I shrugged. "Love—oh that! We're fond of each other. But do you hear my heart go pitter-pat? Have I ever been known, on your account, to miss a single good night's sleep?"

I was surprised at the earnestness of his answer. "No. And, darling, if I can help it you never will."

For the next couple of years—every time he got a raise or a promotion—Kenny went on proposing. And then one day he proposed in uniform. He was leaving for training in the tank corps at Camp Redding early the next morning. That made a difference, somehow, but not enough difference. So I promised to write to him often, but as for wearing his ring, the answer was still no.

Just the same, I was terribly lonely after he was gone. I could not quite figure out why, so I put it down to the temper of the times. In a country buckling down to all-out war, I reasoned, restlessness was natural. The cure for it would be a defense job.

MOTHER and Dad approved of my decision and I went job-hunting. I found work almost at once in a lens-grinding factory in the heart of downtown. Wayne & Wayne, Inc., the agency people told me, was a unique plant. It had mushroomed from an optometrist's shop employing eight skilled men into a plant handling huge government contracts. They made lenses for binoculars, bombsights, tanksights, periscopes, and because previous to the war our country had imported all its high-precision lenses from Germany, everyone in the place, with the exception of the original eight men, were trainees.

I had a feeling of independence and adventure and achievement when I

For the first time I had a feeling of independence and adventure.

From a Case Heard on
A. L. Alexander's Court of Human Relations

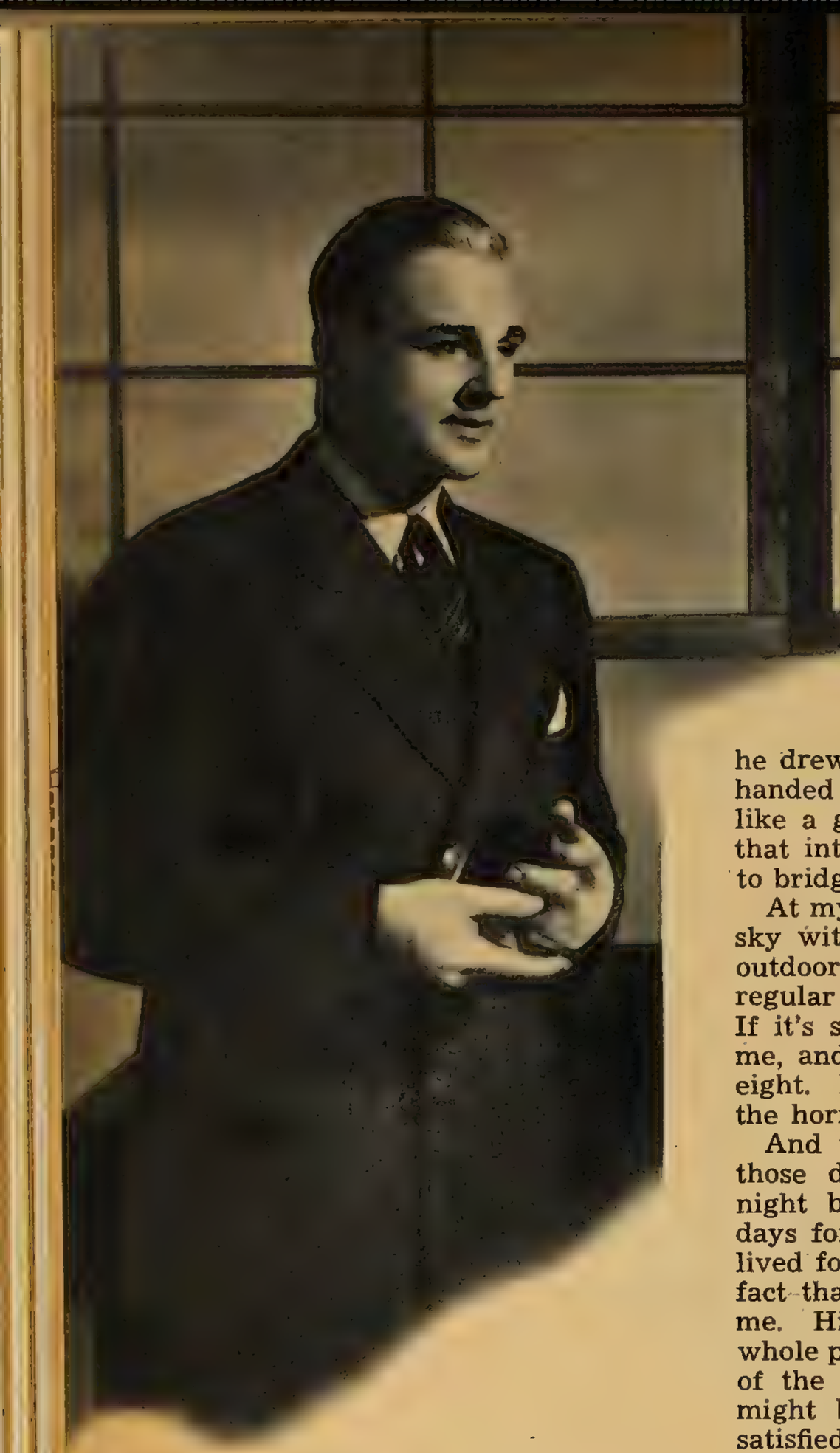
was hired. I suppose the interview I had in the little shack used as an employment office helped. The man interviewing me didn't belong in that battered old swivel chair! He was the most vital, the most compelling human being I'd ever met. I did not know then that this was Michael Wayne, boss of the whole works, and as unique as his business. Thirty-five, he was young enough to be considered the wonder of the industry and old enough to sweep me off my feet.

He looked me over carefully after as carefully reading my application. "Live in Rosedale, do you? Nice comfortable place—I pass by there myself every day. My home is a little farther out. Rosedale, heh? Sure you're not after this job for a lark? Sure after we train you you won't decide to marry some nice boy in the army and follow your husband to camp?"

The words were almost harsh, and yet his voice belied them. It was a warm voice, warm and personal. His eyes went with the voice. A deep gray under finely etched dark eyebrows. All at once I felt I'd do anything to stay near him, to have him look at me and talk to me once in a while.

I simply had to land this job! "If you mean will my salary be important to me," I said hotly, "the family can use it. As for the army, I've friends in it, of course, but I'm not marrying any of them. I'm not even engaged!"

He smiled then. "The army's loss will be the defense industry's gain, then. All right, Miss Bennett, you're hired. And forgive me for cross-examining you the way I did, but you see, we have to be careful about whom we take on. Attractive girls especially." Having the thin, fair skin that goes



with reddish hair I blush easily, and right then I could feel myself blushing. "We can't afford to train people unless it's for the duration, and . . ."

"I'll stay for the duration," I said. "That's a promise."

"Good. Just for that, next time it rains I'll give you a lift home in my car. That's a promise too."

He buzzed and a girl appeared and took me through the yard to the main building. It was a warm, sunny fall day. I looked at the clear blue sky and said a little prayer. *I hope it rains, I hope it rains.*

IT rained the very next day, and Michael Wayne kept his promise. I was just through struggling with the hood of my rain cape and was wondering if I'd miss the bus that I usually catch if I waited for the crowded cross-town car. Maybe a taxi . . . Then someone said, as if in answer, "Taxi, lady?" and it was Michael. He opened the door of his car for me.

I've always loved driving in the rain. So, it turned out, did Michael. The misted closed windows of the car made us feel safe, shut in. We did not say much. Michael was the kind of driver who really concentrates on driving. Once, when we reached the highway, he turned and gave me his stirring smile. "This is nice, isn't it?" Once he drew out his pack of cigarettes and handed them to me. "Light me one like a good child, will you?" And in that intimate little gesture we seemed to bridge months of getting acquainted.

At my door Michael looked up at the sky with the practiced eyes of a born outdoor man. "This is going to be a regular Sou'-Wester, or I miss my bet. If it's soupy in the morning, wait for me, and I'll blow the horn for you at eight. If the sun comes out, I'll blow the horn anyway."

And that was the beginning. Soon those drives each morning and each night became the high points of the days for me. They were sheer joy. I lived for them. I never questioned the fact that at the plant Michael avoided me. His explanation, that letting the whole plant know that the boss and one of the trainees went around together might be demoralizing to the others, satisfied me completely. But then, I would have been satisfied with anything he said!

The night Michael first kissed me, it was like being kissed by the prince in the fairy tale. Why, I'd been asleep all my life and now suddenly I was wide awake. My head was spinning with delight, my blood was racing. I'd been kissed before, of course—but Kenny's kisses had never been like this!

Michael whispered, in the darkness of the parked car, "Darling, darling . . . you're so wonderful, so fresh and untouched. . . . And to think that someday . . . you'll belong to me . . ."

"Yes," I whispered back, "Oh yes, yes!" To me, that was a sacred binding promise. That night I walked on air.

It was Mother and Dad who first threw cold water in the bright glow of my happiness. "Who is this boss of yours? What do you know about him? Why doesn't he ever call on you, if you are going to be friends? You'd think he would want to meet us. . . ."

Ordinarily I would have agreed with them, but under the circumstances I felt like laughing. As if one could apply the yardstick of ordinary conventions to Michael!

But when they grew insistent, I spoke to him about it. "The folks want to meet you," I said. And he smiled and said how sweet and old fashioned. Then, "But I'm not ready to share you, Janice darling. Not with your family, not with anyone. We have so little time together!"

I said, "I know. I feel the same way. But the folks worry about me." In the end, I persuaded him to come to Sunday dinner. I felt sure one visit would set everything right. The folks would love him, and . . .

It was the most miserable Sunday dinner I've ever had in my life. I'd started out so happily, helping Mom in the kitchen, arranging the flowers in the living room vases and in the centerpiece on our old, carefully polished dining table. Fussing with my new sage-green dress and with my freshly washed hair. Brushing Rusty, our Irish setter, so his coat wouldn't shed all over Michael.

I ended up wishing that the time would pass more quickly, until Michael could decently excuse himself. . . . You see, right from the first he seemed to rub the folks the wrong way. They found him too old for me, too worldly, even slightly patronizing. I for my part insisted all their objections came from their loyalty to Kenny.

"Well, Kenny's our kind," Dad said flatly.

Then I got mad. "You've always wanted me to marry him, and I've never wanted to and never will!" I flung the words out, and I resolved then and there not to be put in the position of having to defend myself again. I'd simply not invite Michael to the house. But I wouldn't stop seeing him. I couldn't. . . .

Of course, I did go on seeing Michael, going back and forth to the office with him. But I never mentioned him at home. And that was hard, because it was like lying, somehow—not saying a lie, but—well, like *being* one, in a way. I'd never lied to Mother and Dad before. It made my whole wonderful friendship with Michael seem a little cheap, a little bit wrong. Some of the beautiful glow, like a lamp lighting up everything I did, was gone.

Michael teased me, and that didn't help, either. "Don't you worry, honey," he'd say. "Some day I'll see to it that everything comes out all right. And then he'd kiss me. And when he kissed me, he could make our love seem the most glorious thing in the world, and as long as I was with him I had the beautiful glow back again, to warm me against any doubts.

It was when I was away from him that I couldn't help wondering. What was wrong that he couldn't set right *at once?* Why didn't he propose to me? Why was it always, "I love you," and never, "Will you marry me?"

Then something happened which took my mind temporarily off my troubles. Stringent gas rationing. Commuting by car became impossible now.

"Take a Chance on Happiness," by Jean Karsarvina, was suggested by a true case history presented on A. L. Alexander's great human interest program, The Court of Human Relations, heard Mondays at 9:30 P.M., EWT over Mutual.

And commuting by train and streetcar and bus, plus the long, hard hours that I put in at my workbench these days made me so weary that I didn't have time to think of much else, to do much else but come home and fall into bed.

It was Michael who gave me the idea, but it wasn't for his sake alone that I decided to try it. I knew that if I went on this way much longer I'd be sick—and besides, after the hours with Michael a life that included nothing but working and sleeping and eating was dull. It wasn't really living at all. And so I made my decision.

IT took more courage than I thought I had in me to tell Mother and Dad that I had decided to move into town. I knew before I told them what their reaction would be. But they must have sensed the rebellion in me—rebellion against a physical way of life that was too hard, against anything which stood in the way of the emotional force that meant more to me than anything else—for while they decidedly did not approve they didn't say anything more than that they thought it was a foolish thing to do.

I spent a hectic week-end house hunting, and found a tiny furnished apartment that I could afford, in a shabby block within walking distance of the plant.

Usually, when a girl says good-by to her mother and father, and moves into a new home, it is to go as a bride, borne triumphantly on a tide of happiness and good wishes. But I left home in a sea of doubts, not knowing whether I would ever be the bride of the man I loved so much.

Just the same, that shabby little apartment was like heaven, because Michael could visit me there. Sometimes I could almost make myself believe that I *was* married, that I was furnishing the apartment for two instead of for myself alone. And then the old question would creep in—why shouldn't I be doing just that? Why wasn't I married to Michael? But the fun of fixing the place up didn't leave me time to think of much else. I bought out the five-and-ten, got the kitchenette ready, put my books and pictures and things I had brought from home in their places.

That feeling I sometimes had of actually being married was at its strongest the first night that I was settled enough to be able to invite Michael to dinner. It was wonderful to see him come in the door, to pretend that he came home to me like that every night, to have him take me in his arms and kiss me as I wanted him to do—as I *willed* him to do—all the rest of my life.

But that first festive dinner was destined never to be eaten. Close on Michael's heels, while I still stood in the circle of his arms, welcoming him, another visitor came. Kenny.

He was home on furlough, and Mother had given him my address. She must have had a talk with him, too, because from the moment he walked in he seemed to know all about

"We can't afford to train people unless it's for the duration," he said. "I'll stay for the duration," I said. "That's a promise."

Michael. He came and stood close to me, like a huge St. Bernard on guard, and in the end it was Michael who retreated—gracefully, as always.

"Sorry to have to go so soon, Jan, but there's business at the plant that has to be attended to. Glad to have met you, Randall."

After the door closed on Michael, Kenny turned to me, and his voice was sharp, as I had never heard it before.

"Jan! Jan, I don't understand you!"

I looked up at him swiftly. "What is there to understand?" I challenged. "Michael is a friend of mine. I have a right to choose my own friends. No—you might as well know it now, Kenny. I'm going to marry him. You'll—" But my voice trailed away under the impact of Kenny's eyes searching mine.

"Marry," he said, oddly, after a long silence. "Why, Jan, I believe you mean that. I believe you're honest about it. You really don't know . . ."

I stared at him stupidly, and then he dropped his bombshell. The Wayne Lens Works, famous by now throughout the Army and Navy, was owned jointly by Michael *and his wife*. The way Kenny had found out about it was simple. Because of his accounting experience, he had a job as receiving clerk at Camp Redding. New tank parts, including lenses, went through his hands. He had signed plenty of requisitions and receipts with both Michael's and Helen Wayne's names on them!

He had even met her, for she was the field representative for the firm. My brain ticked away sickly. Field representative . . . Helen . . . It began to make sense. At the plant, where I had never seen her, we knew of her as Miss Helen (*Continued on page* 69)

I'LL WAIT FOREVER

Ann walked the streets bravely with the ghost of her love by her side—then Ross came back, his laughter changed to bitterness, to test her courage and her faith

I WALKED down the hot, sunny, busy street, and it was like walking with a ghost.

Every step I took, it was as if Ross walked beside me. I could hear his deep laugh and feel his nearness. Everywhere I looked, I saw his face, and every place I passed had its own special memory that brought him closer. Over there was the building where he'd had his small real estate office—his own successful business, closed now for the duration, the clients turned over to one of the larger firms. Here on the corner was the Mexican cafe where we'd given him the last of the farewell parties, and once more I felt his arms around me as we'd danced in the patio under the Arizona stars.

Even the faces that I passed—the familiar, friendly faces of our small city where everybody knew everybody else—brought him back. People stopped me: "Hi, Ann. Heard from Ross yet? How's he like the Army?" "Hello, Ann—how's Ross? Sure some party we had, wasn't it?" The president of the bank, a flyer in training at a neighboring field, a cowboy in for the day from a nearby ranch, Miss Ralston who had taught both of us in grammar school—everybody knew him and liked him. Ross . . . Ross . . . Ross. It was like a refrain, unendurably sweet, unendurably painful.

I clenched my hands and tilted my chin and made myself walk on, calm and composed. Yesterday, seeing him off at the station for the induction center in Tucson, I hadn't cried even when he'd kissed me for the last time. I wouldn't cry now. Other girls were giving up their husbands to the service. I'd give up my fiance with a smile as brave as theirs, and be as proud. And whatever tears I shed would be where none could see them.

I'd known it would be hard, for a long time now. Ever since Pearl Harbor, Ross had been crazy to go. He would have enlisted if it hadn't been for his mother. Mrs. Coleman was as brave as anybody, but widowed and nearly helplessly crippled with rheumatism as she was, it didn't seem fair to leave her until he was called. That decision to wait somehow made me love Ross more than ever. For sometimes that is the braver thing to do—to wait, when every instinct is urging you to go.

Wait. That's what I had to do now. And it was going to be harder even than I'd thought. Go on with my job in the bookstore, go on living at home, working four nights a week at the USO—go on covering up the aching loneliness that had started yesterday at the station. Waiting till Ross came back. Waiting till we could really belong to each other.

For, "We've our faith in each other, Ann," he said, "and somehow it would be a lesser faith if we hurried and got married now. It wouldn't be fair to you, either. This way—well, you'll be free if something should happen to me or if—if another guy would come along—"

"Don't!" I said, and covered his lips with my fingers. "Don't talk like that. There won't ever be 'another guy' for me. I'll be here when you come back if it takes forever. You know that, my darling."

Yes, we each knew that. The faith we shared was a real and living thing, and it would carry us through the long separation. It would carry us through everything.

So there'd been disposing of the business and arranging for his mother to live at one of the boarding houses in town where she could be with friends, and there'd been the farewell parties and saying good-by to an old life, and there had been our moments alone together . . . And now there was only I, walking with a ghost beside me.

"Hello, Ann. Ross get off all right?" This time it was Buck Turner, one of the few old-time ranchers still left in our part of the country, and I stopped to talk with genuine pleasure. I'd known Buck all my life; he'd taught me to ride and he'd spanked me once or twice when I'd needed it, and his grizzled, weather-beaten face was as dear and familiar as my own dead father's. "I hope the Army's got the sense to put Ross in the cavalry," he went on. "The boy's the best hand with a horse *I* ever saw. But I reckon he'll be a good soldier wherever they put him."

"Yes," I said, "he was crazy to go."

His shrewd, kindly eyes swept my face. "You come up and see me when you get lonely. I'll put you to riding herd on some of the wild horses I'm breaking for the government reclamation project. Can't get any hands these days, with the boys all off to war, and I'm getting too old to handle those critters myself. And by the way, let me know as soon as you hear from Ross. I want to lease his land up there next to mine—I'll need it to water the stock, with the season as dry as it is."

I watched him walk off with that short stiff-kneed stride of the cowboy and thought affectionately how typical it was of him to start working for the government now. Too old to fight, he could still make himself useful in the war effort. The land he'd mentioned adjoined his own, up in the hills, and had been left to Ross by his father. It wasn't good for much now, but some day Ross wanted to raise and breed horses up there. There was an adobe shack on it—a primitive, little three room place, that we'd used for weekend parties when a bunch of us had gone up and broiled steaks over an open fire and sung old songs and ridden the horses Ross had kept. The horses and the wrangler were gone now, and the shack was just another place of memories for me. The sweetest memories of all, for it had been there on a moonlight night with the scent of the flowering desert sweet about us, that Ross had asked me to marry him. It was there that the faith that must sustain me now had started.

I walked on home. The May sun already held the sting in it that those of us who live in Southern Arizona learn to half dread, half welcome. It promised the blast-furnace heat of the dry days to come, when the temperature climbs to a hundred and ten and water comes steaming from the faucet marked "Cold" and all living things seek shelter from the noon-day sun.

The living room was shaded against that broiling sun, and coming into it I was blinded for a moment by its shadowy coolness. And then my vision cleared, and I was staring at the long, lean figure slumped in the big rawhide basket chair by the side porch door.

My heart jumped wildly, and then was quiet except for the thick, thunderous pulse in my neck, that kept the words from coming out of my throat. It was as if the ghost that had walked the streets beside me had now materialized out of nothing, had sprung from nowhere. Ross!

He stirred and got up, and I knew that he was real. No ghost of the laughing, eager boy I had known could have looked so bitter.

"I'll Wait Forever," an original story by Helen Irwin Dowdey, was suggested by a program of war information heard on NBC.

We stared at each other in silence for a long moment. Then, "The conquering hero comes home from the wars," he said, and the same bitterness lay deep in his voice as he bit off two more short syllables. "4-F!"

It took time for the words to sink through all the barriers I had built up against loneliness, all the careful plans I had made for a world in which there would be no Ross for a long while. Finally I managed, "4-F! But Ross, you were 1-A—" My voice trailed away.

"Yes," he said, flatly, "I *was*. Then on the final physical before induction a snoopy doctor discovered I'd had my leg rolled on by a horse when I was twelve—you remember, I told you about that. Imagine it, Ann—thirteen years ago, and it's never given me any trouble. I tried to tell him that, but he wouldn't listen. Said the bone was injured, and that the leg would break down in a month of drilling. Said I wouldn't be any good as a soldier. So—" he laughed shortly—"here I am. What a laugh for everybody in town, after the farewell parties, all the good-bys—"

MY mind, part of it, was racing ahead, exploring the days to come, trying to find out how this old way of life of ours, which was suddenly a new way, would turn out—trying to adjust myself to having Ross safely home again, after the terrible adjustment to his going away. And part of my mind was working very slowly, like a swimmer in water, pushing heavily through the tangle of surprise and fears, trying to reach some kind of solid shore.

"Don't say that, Ross," I told him, noting with a kind of strange detachment how slowly my answers came, how there was a pause between his speech and mine. "Everyone will be glad, dear. They'll know—"

He came closer to me, then. "Are *you* glad?"

"Of course I'm glad." But it sounded flat, because I wasn't sure. Ross had wanted so to fight, had been so eager to go—no, I wasn't glad if this were going to make him unhappy, if this were going to change him. I couldn't honestly tell him I was glad that he'd been kept from doing something he so passionately wanted to do. You can't tell a man you're glad he's a failure in his own eyes. No matter that it meant he would be kept safe for me—safe from bombs and bullets.

He came closer still, until I seemed to be able to see beyond his eyes, to the turmoil and the misery that lay back of them. His pain was mine, too—so much so that I only half heard him when he spoke again.

"One thing, Ann—we can have our dreams back. We won't have to postpone them. We can get married right away."

He was crawling to me for protection, I thought sharply. Would it be the best thing, no matter how much I wanted it, to marry him at once? Shouldn't we go ahead, as once we had planned before war destroyed the whole world's plans, and be married on my mother's wedding anniversary, several months from now? Why should we do things differently, as if something shameful had happened to make necessity greater? Shouldn't we face the world as if nothing at all had happened? I could, I thought then, best help Ross by making him do that. . . .

And there was something else. Something I was ashamed of, so ashamed that I dared not acknowledge it even to myself. I was a little sorry. Ross had gone away a potential hero. Even as I had been afraid for him, even as I had desperately wished that he might not have to go, I had been proud. I had pictured him in his uniform, so tall, so straight, so handsome. Somehow, this was only a shell of that image which had come crawling home.

I don't know what of this showed in my face, but some of it must have been apparent in the silence, for Ross drew sharply away. I knew I must answer him, quickly. "I think we ought to stick to our original plans," I said. "I think we should be married when we planned to be married, and not rush things. . . ." It sounded lame. It sounded insincere. It sounded unsure, and I knew it and couldn't help it. And later I would gladly have cut out my tongue if it would have kept me from saying any of those things. If only I could have thrown back my head, and smiled at him, and said, bravely, freely, "Now—tomorrow, today—whenever you like, I'm yours, Ross, and you know it!" But it wasn't really I who had spoken—it was some shock-paralyzed creature who had forgotten how to think, who had forgotten how the man she loved must feel, lost in her own feelings. . . .

Ross said nothing. There was nothing for him to say.

I couldn't stand the self-mockery in his eyes, and the shame that lay naked there. My paralysis broke at last, and I began to talk. I said there were other ways of fighting besides shooting people, There was defense work—hundreds of men were needed. There was farm labor. There was—and then, like an inspiration, I thought of Buck Turner.

"He needs help badly, Ross, and he told me himself you were the best man with a horse he ever saw. The Government has to have those horses—think, darling, you'd be doing something other people *can't* do. Breaking wild horses—"

On and on I talked. Sometimes I thought he wasn't even listening. Finally he said, "Well, I reckon it's all that's left me to do. I've got to get out of town—and working with Buck at least offers me that. I could live up there at the shack. . . ."

I came close to him then. I had to bring back the warm, eager Ross who belonged to me instead of this indifferent, brooding stranger I couldn't talk to. "Darling," I said, "we—we can be married, now. We don't have to wait. We said we'd get married when you came back—and you *are* back." I tried to laugh lightly. "Aren't you even going to say when you want to?"

"No."

An angry flush whipped his skin, and the words struck out at me. "I saw your face when you came in and found me here. You looked surprised, sure—but you were disappointed, too. Don't try to deny it, Ann. You want a soldier, not a flop. And when you talked to me, you were trying to pump up enthusiasm, trying to make yourself glad I was back. In your heart, you're not."

"That isn't true! It was the shock, Ross. Remember I'd resigned myself to your being away—for a long, long time maybe. I'd steeled myself to getting along without you, to being brave. And then when I found you here so unexpectedly—"

"That's just what I mean. You didn't have time to prepare yourself, and you showed what you really felt. I know you, Ann. Don't try to fool me with any phony business. I know where I stand with you and everybody else, and you're free of the engagement as far as I'm concerned."

And then he turned and walked out, leaving me standing there. Leaving me feeling my whole world had broken into fragments. . . .

The next few days were the most miserable of my life. I waited for Ross to come, to call. He did neither. I tried to put myself in his place and feel what he was feeling. He was a proud boy, and an intense one. What he was going through wasn't easy.

There was the humiliation he felt from every side. People said, "Hear about Ross Coleman? Told everybody good-by and went up to Phoenix to be inducted—and the very next day he was back home again. 4-F." To some it made a funny story, something ludicrous to be laughed over and forgotten. To others, it was pathetic. But being laughed at or being pitied were alike intolerable to Ross.

That was only part of it. The thing that went deeper, the dangerous thing, was that somehow he'd been robbed of his manhood. He'd wanted to fight as men should fight, and he couldn't. He felt useless.

Buck Turner dropped in at the bookstore to see me about a week later. "I'm worried about Ross," he said right away. "You know he's working for me. He and his mother moved up to the shack—"

I shook my head. "No," I said, "I didn't know."

"You mean he didn't—" He broke off, and the worry deepened in his shrewd gray eyes. "Well, the boy's taken it harder even than I thought.

You see, Ann, he ought to be crazy about what he's doing. He's loved horses since he was knee-high to one, and he's good with 'em. He's doing a good enough job right now, but his heart's not in it. All the—the *fight*, the drive that made Ross the kind of boy he is, is just plumb gone right out of him. I thought maybe if you could go up and see them for over Sunday or something—"

"I couldn't, Buck. I haven't been invited. I don't think he—he wants to see me." In spite of myself, my voice broke a little.

"Now look here. I'm an old man and I've seen the darn-fool things people can do to themselves. Their own pride hurt more human beings than any other one thing anybody else could ever think up to do to 'em. You forget about the way he's behaved. You love him and he loves you. So you sit yourself right down, young lady, and write him a letter to say you're coming up for a visit next Saturday and that I'm bringing you when I drive out from my weekly trip to town."

IT was just about the hardest thing I ever did, but I did it. And when my pen faltered, I made myself go on. Buck was right. I loved Ross and he loved me. What kind of love was it, if I didn't go to him when he needed me.

No answer came, but I packed my overnight bag and was waiting when Buck came by my house late Saturday afternoon. We drove the fifty miles up into the hills without talking much. I'd always loved this country, and now I tried to find comfort in it for the fear that was in my heart. I felt the timelessness of the mountains, changing now in the lowering sun from rosy rust to dark red to purple. Always they were timeless, and always they changed every moment of the day. Like life itself. And I looked at the brush that whipped against the sides of the truck as we drove over the rutted, desert road hardly more than a cattle trail. The cholla, the sahuaro, the mesquite and cat-claw—each one menacing with its weapon of thorn or spike if you did not know the desert. But each familiar and beautiful with its odd kind of harsh beauty if you knew it and loved it as I did.

I jumped out of the car and opened the cattle gates for Buck as he drove the car through, and surveyed the country with a professional eye. It was dry, as he said. Getting dangerously so. If we didn't have our quota of rain in August, stock would run short of water. And if an unknowing person should drop a lighted cigarette among this dry brush, the fire that is the dread of every cattleman's heart would sweep for acres. It was by thinking of things like that that I kept my mind from the approaching meeting with Ross. How would he greet me? What would he say?

I found out soon enough, Ross was a casual acquaintance, politely welcoming a visitor from town. And that was all. His face had hardened into the bitter mask he'd worn last week in my living room, and underneath it I sensed a sort of rigid self-control. In so short a time he'd become someone I hardly knew.

It was there with the scent of the flowering desert sweet about us that Ross asked me to marry him.

Mrs. Coleman welcomed me lovingly. As she limped with me into the little room we were to share, she whispered, "I'm so glad you've come, honey. Ross needs you. He's—he's changed. He's not the same boy any more. Maybe now that you're here—"

So it wasn't only with me he'd changed! Somehow that gave me hope.

Ross had broiled steaks and prepared beans and canned tomatoes for our supper. It was a clumsy meal, a man's meal, awkwardly set on the rough table in the front room. "Ross has to be chief cook and bottle-washer, too," Mrs. Coleman explained apologetically. "I'm not able to do the things I want to and—"

"I don't mind, Mom," he said quickly. "You know that. I like to cook my own grub."

But I knew that in some odd way, he did mind. It was all part of the pattern.

We talked along during supper—bits of gossip from town, the horses Ross had rounded up that day—some of them branded long ago and then turned out because of some injury or other that made them useless to their owner, some of them "outlaws" that had never been broken, and a few foaled of the desert itself, as wild as the hills they lived on. But Ross talked quietly, without enthusiasm, and I remembered the dream he'd had of someday doing this very thing. Now it seemed empty to him.

After we'd washed and put away the dishes he said, "Want to take a ride, Ann? I've still got that old paint horse you used to like."

I changed quickly into corduroys and an old shirt. Perhaps now I would have a chance to talk to him, to find him again.

We rode slowly up the trail that climbed the hill in back of the shack. Even with the sun nearly down, it was hot, and the swift chill that usually comes at sundown was absent. At the top of the hill we paused and looked out over the darkening, mysterious vastness. The silence lay so deep it was like a visible thing, a presence.

After a long while I said softly, "It's worth fighting for, isn't it, Ross? All this—this part of the heritage of America, this freedom—"

"Yes," he said with the bitterness I had come to (*Continued on page* 80)

PRESENTING

Mr. and Mrs. North

Meet Pamela and Jerry, radio's delightful couple whose adventures you hear on NBC, sponsored by Woodbury Cold Cream

PAM NORTH, like most happily married women, is an inveterate matchmaker, and simply won't rest until all her friends have achieved the same state. She has a weather eye out nowadays for a suitable wife for the Norths' old friend Lt. Wiegand, who isn't quite sure how he feels about the idea.

IN the first place, Pam and Jerry North aren't detectives—certainly not by vocation, at least. Jerry North is a book publisher, Pamela a housewife, and together they're one of the most delightful pair of people you'd ever hope to meet.

Somehow or other, Pam and Jerry seem to attract mysteries as a magnet attracts steel. Their adventures, written by Frances and Richard Lockridge, have delighted magazine and book readers for several years, and the circle of their friends has grown tremendously since they have brought their happy-go-lucky, fun-and-mystery-filled home life to radio listeners. Sometimes it is the Norths' good friend Police Lt. Bill Wiegand who brings them into adventure, but more often than not adventure comes to them.

Pam and Jerry epitomize the eternal conflict between the male and female way of thinking. Men, as Jerry points out, reason from cause to effect, but Pam, as do so many other women, reaches a conclusion first and then scurries about to find facts to support her theory. Her reasoning, says Jerry, is fifty percent hunch, twenty-five percent likes and dislikes, and twenty-five percent common sense. However, when Pam tries to work things out according to Jerry's idea of the proper method, she does beautifully—but the answer is always wrong. Pam, though, is far from being a scatterbrain—it's just that she leaps from crag to crag in her thinking, touching the high spots; she always makes sense, even though Jerry and Bill sometimes fail to understand her.

Aside from mystery-solving, Pam North spends a good deal of her time trying to get Bill Wiegand married. Women scare Bill socially, but they love him on sight. Perhaps it's the picture of the home life of his right-hand man, Sgt. Aloysius Mullins, which troubles Bill—Mullins is the proud father of eight children. Bill's a fearless detective but a mighty scared man when it comes to asking a woman out for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. North are heard over NBC on Wednesdays at eight, EWT, seven, CWT, Tuesdays at nine, Pacific time and ten Mountain time.

Coffee after a pleasant dinner puts the Norths in a mood to discuss their latest venture into the field of detection. Jerry is coming in for some good natured teasing from Pam on the subject of his singing, for it was all due to Jerry's vocal efforts that one of the recent cases on which they helped Bill Wiegand was brought to a satisfactory ending.
(Played by Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin)

I'M LONESOME AND SO BLUE, MY DEAR

Here's a preview of a brand new tune you'll be singing and dancing to, in special arrangements as featured by orchestra leader Jimmy Lunceford

Words and Music by EDWIN F. WILCOX

I'm lone-some and blue._____ Just thinking of you,_____ Tell me

what can I do,_____ my dear_____ When these

dark cloud-y skies_____ bring tears to my eyes____ How my

heart and soul cries_____ for you._____

Copyright 1943, by New Era Music Corp., N. Y.

Ev -'ry night when shad-ows creep, I see your face

Dreams en - fold me and I sleep in your em - brace, Tho' you're

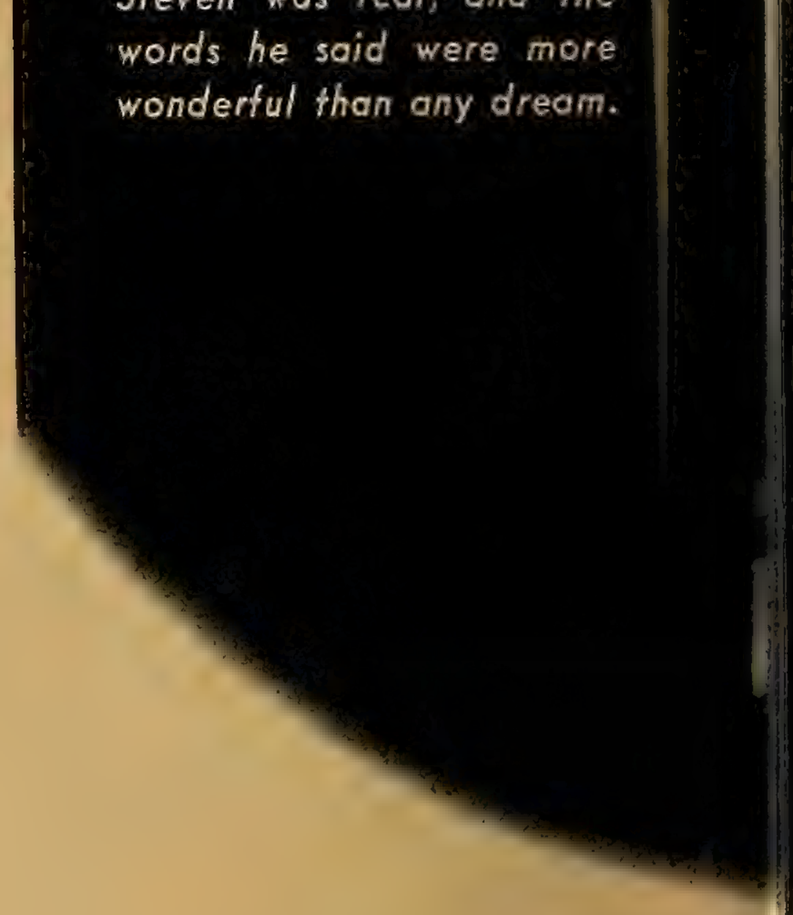
real-ly not here and - some - how I fear this new

cas-tle I own is built on air. For I'm

lone-some and so blue, my dear.

A Dream to Share

The very first time she saw him, kneeling at the altar with Isabel, she knew that she had fallen foolishly, fatally in love with Steve



IT'S queer how you can wait years for something you've dreamed about, wait and hope, knowing that it will never happen, and then all of a sudden it does happen, exactly as you'd pictured it.

It was like that the afternoon I saw Steven coming up the walk to our house, on his way from work, the rough leather jacket he wore at the construction site unzipped and swinging freely from his broad shoulders, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun tipping his close-clipped reddish hair with copper. I had pictured it so often, hopelessly, knowing that I must not—Steven, coming home at the end of day, coming home to me.

And then, with the sound of his step on the porch, I was brought down to earth again, and the dream shattered. . . .

I smoothed my dress—a housedress, but clean and freshly ironed that afternoon—and as I went to the door a glance at the hall mirror assured me that at least I appeared to be calm and unruffled. My hair, waving back from my temples to a roll at the nape of my neck, made a soft, dark frame for my face; my eyes looked unusually large and deep, but Steven would not know that it was from suppressed excitement; my mouth, too, did not give me away—it looked firm enough, and not at all like the mouth of a woman who wants terribly to be kissed by the man she loves.

I managed, somehow, to keep most of my excitement out of my voice. "Steven!" I cried. "What a surprise! And how good to see you!"

"Not nearly as good as it is for me to see you," he replied in a voice as hearty as his handshake. Then his tone became more serious, and he said urgently, "Evelyn, I've got to talk to you. I need your advice."

My heart turned over at the thought of Steven, big, strong, resourceful Steven, needing help, and at his coming to *me* in his need, but I said lightly, "So? You're in trouble? Come in where we can talk it over."

He followed me into the living room and sat down in my father's favorite chair, the deep one beside the fireplace. I sat opposite him and looked at him with what I hoped was friendly interest, but which was actually a kind of hungry assimilation of every line and feature of him. His eyes were clear and unguarded as a child's, lighting up with interest or pleasure, shading to a deeper blue when he was worried or distressed. They were a very deep blue now. His nose, straight, but with just a hint of extra height and breadth at the bridge, and a rather pugnacious jaw gave him an almost commanding look belied by his mouth, which although firm, was unusually sensitive for a man's mouth.

I had seen so little of Steven. We hadn't met very often in the four years since we had first been introduced—at his wedding to my cousin Isabel. The ironic part of it was that I had always considered myself a sensible person, more practical than romantic, not given to believing in such things as love at first sight. But there it was—I, Evelyn Hamilton, had seen Steven Saunders, a rugged contrast to his bride's blonde fragility, kneeling with Isabel at the altar, and I had wanted suddenly with a wanting so sharp that it hurt like a birth-pang, to be in Isabel's place. Ever since then I had been foolishly, fatally, in love. I had thought at first that the feeling would pass, but after four years of working hard, of dating other men, of doing everything I could to put him out of my mind, I knew that for me there would never be any man but Steven. Even now, when Isabel was in the hospital, recovering from the birth of their son, I could not make my heart accept the fact that Steven belonged irrevocably to Isabel and not to me.

"You're a practical woman," Steven said, almost as if he had followed part of my thought. "Perhaps you can tell me what to do. Isabel isn't recovering as fast as she ought—"

I felt my skin turn cold and my face pale. I had never liked Isabel very much, and I was frankly—to myself—envious of her being Steven's wife, but anything that would hurt Steven would hurt me, too.

He saw my alarm. "There's nothing seriously wrong with her," he said hastily. "It's just that she had an

"A Dream to Share," by Helen Christy, was suggested by an original story by Robert Wetzel and Robert Arthur, entitled "I'll Never Forget," heard on Just Five Lines over Mutual.

exceptionally bad time, and she'll be correspondingly slow to mend. But her poor health makes our need for someone to help with the house and the baby doubly desperate."

"A girl just out of high school," I suggested, so anxious to help that I seized upon the first thought which came.

He shook his head. "They're all in war plants. I don't believe there's an unemployed girl between sixteen and twenty in town."

"That's so," I murmured. "I'd forgotten that when our plant shut down it was after January graduations, and we were besieged with girls—" I stopped abruptly, realizing that Steven did not know that I was unemployed, and not wanting him to see the sudden wonderful yet frightening picture which had come to mind. Evelyn Hamilton, caring for Steven's house and Steven's child. . . . But that would never do. I fought back an overwhelming desire to say, "Why not I? Steven, let me help."

"A practical nurse—" I was not afraid to make the suggestion. Steven was not a rich man, but for his years —he was just turning thirty—he was successful. That he was the building superintendent of the huge Victory housing project meant that he was able to afford good care for his family.

He laughed shortly. "This is war. The hospital itself hasn't enough nurses. Even if one were available, it would be almost unpatriotic to ask her to take care of one man's family. No, Evelyn, I've tried everything and everyone I could think of. I came to you because I know that in your position at Metal Novelties you dealt with a number of people, and I thought perhaps you might know of someone—" He broke off, staring at my printed housedress, as if he were realizing for the first time that I was not the trimly tailored person he had seen on other occasions. "Did you say something about your plant being shut down?" he asked slowly.

I nodded, knowing what he was driving at, almost choking with anticipation. "Metal Novelties is being converted to the production of war materials," I said. "I was supposed to go back to work at the end of this month, but lack of essential tools has held up conversion indefinitely. I've been thinking of looking for another job."

"Looking for another job," he repeated, slowly turning over the idea. "Evelyn, could you—"

Even then I couldn't help him, couldn't offer myself. The thought of living in the same house with him, of seeing him every day, of caring for his child, was too sweet and too frightening.

He drew a deep breath, and spoke rapidly, as if he must get the words out while he still dared to ask. "Evelyn, could *you* come? Would you? As a favor, I mean. Would you run our house for us until—"

I had wanted this so much, and the shock of being suddenly offered it left me without words. Steven mistook my silence for hesitation. "I know it's a lot to ask," he said humbly. "But we'd be so grateful. It would mean so much to me to know that you were taking care of things—"

It would mean so much to him! I folded my hands tightly to still their shaking. "It's not much to ask, Steven," I said, by some miracle keeping my voice calm. "Really it's very little. Of course, if you think I can help, I'll be glad to come."

I wondered, after he had gone, whether or not I could keep my agreement to go to live in his house, if I could bear seeing him every day—seeing him and Isabel living together. A dozen times in the week that followed I was tempted to call him to make some excuse for not going, but the will to be near him overrode my doubts, and I moved in the morning he brought Isabel and Gregory home from the hospital. It was June, and a beautiful day, all green and blue and gold, with the roses around the front

porch lending a splash of pink color and a sweet, poignant fragrance. I waited inside the house to welcome them, not wishing to intrude immediately upon this homecoming which must be more precious to them than any other homecoming they'd known. I saw Steven lift Isabel out of the taxi, gently and with infinite care, as if she were the most fragile thing in the world, and dear beyond price. Isabel's hand rested slim and white on his shoulder, and Isabel's lovely head was haloed with gold by the sunlight blessing her hair. A white-capped nurse followed them with the baby, Gregory, a tiny, shapeless, helpless bundle of blue blankets.

AT that moment I was past even envying Isabel. I felt projected above and beyond myself, so that I became a part of that sunlit picture—the lovely woman and the man who held her so tenderly, and their son, their first-born—and yet I knew that I was outside their blessed circle, and my whole being ached with the conflict. I put my hand to my face and felt that my cheeks were wet, and I turned and ran. It would never do to let them see me crying—they would think me one of those silly, overemotional women who weep over every human happening whether it touches their own lives or not.

I splashed water from the kitchen faucet on my eyes, dabbed them with a towel. Isabel's voice, thin and carrying, came from the front room. "Steven, be careful putting me down! No—not in the chair—on the davenport. That's better—" And then, "Steven, where's Evelyn? I thought you said she'd be here."

"I'm here." I stepped into the living-room. The spell was broken, and Isabel was no longer a woman glorified by motherhood, but Isabel again, the cousin I had never whole-heartedly liked, the woman whose place I wanted and yet must not want. I added, with an effort to be cordial and friendly, "You look lovely, Isabel. How are you?"

"As well as you could expect after all I've gone through," she answered plaintively.

I saw the expression of pain which crossed Steven's face, and I thought with some anger that although Isabel had suffered a great deal, she might at least, especially now that she was out of danger, refrain from visiting her suffering upon her husband.

The nurse held out the baby to Steven. "The taxi's waiting," she suggested, "and I'm needed back at the hospital." She left, then, and Steven turned back the blankets so that I could see Gregory.

"The new head of our household, Evelyn. How do you like him?"

I bent over the baby. Steven and his son, a tiny, living replica of himself. Gregory had Steven's blue eyes, a reddish fuzz which would some day be Steven's hair, and, as I looked at him, he smiled in a way which was as much like Steven's smile as a baby's vague and toothless grimace could be.

Steven held him out for me to take. "Do you mind, Evelyn? I'd like to carry Isabel upstairs—"

Mind! It was as near as I would ever come to holding Steven himself. I could feel Gregory's tiny body through the bulk of blankets; I smelled the sweet, warm milky baby-smell, and I turned and went quickly up the stairs lest my face give me away to the others.

I took Gregory into the blue and white nursery which, like the rest of the spacious story-and-a-half bungalow, had been planned and built by Steven. I loved the house because it was Steven's handiwork. Isabel did not, I knew. I had heard her more than once express her disdain of the suburbs. Isabel would have preferred an apartment in town.

She was arguing with Steven now—I could hear her voice through the closed door, and a moment later Steven came into the nursery. His face was flushed, and his eyes, which showed so clearly everything he felt, were embarrassed and unhappy.

I tried to help him. "Whatever it is, it can't be that bad," I said. "What's the matter, Steven?"

He stumbled miserably. "Gosh, Evelyn, I don't know how to ask you, but would you mind—I mean— Well, it's just that Isabel thinks she should be by herself for a while—"

I laughed. "Steven, I assure you I don't need the guest room. Certainly the nursery is big enough to accommodate both Gregory and me."

The relief in his eyes was reward enough, but the way he looked at me—an intent look, as if he were really seeing me for the first time—and the little involuntary gesture he made toward me set the blood pounding in my temples. "Evelyn, you're—you're so darned swell—" and then he added hurriedly, "I'll move one of the twin beds from our room in here."

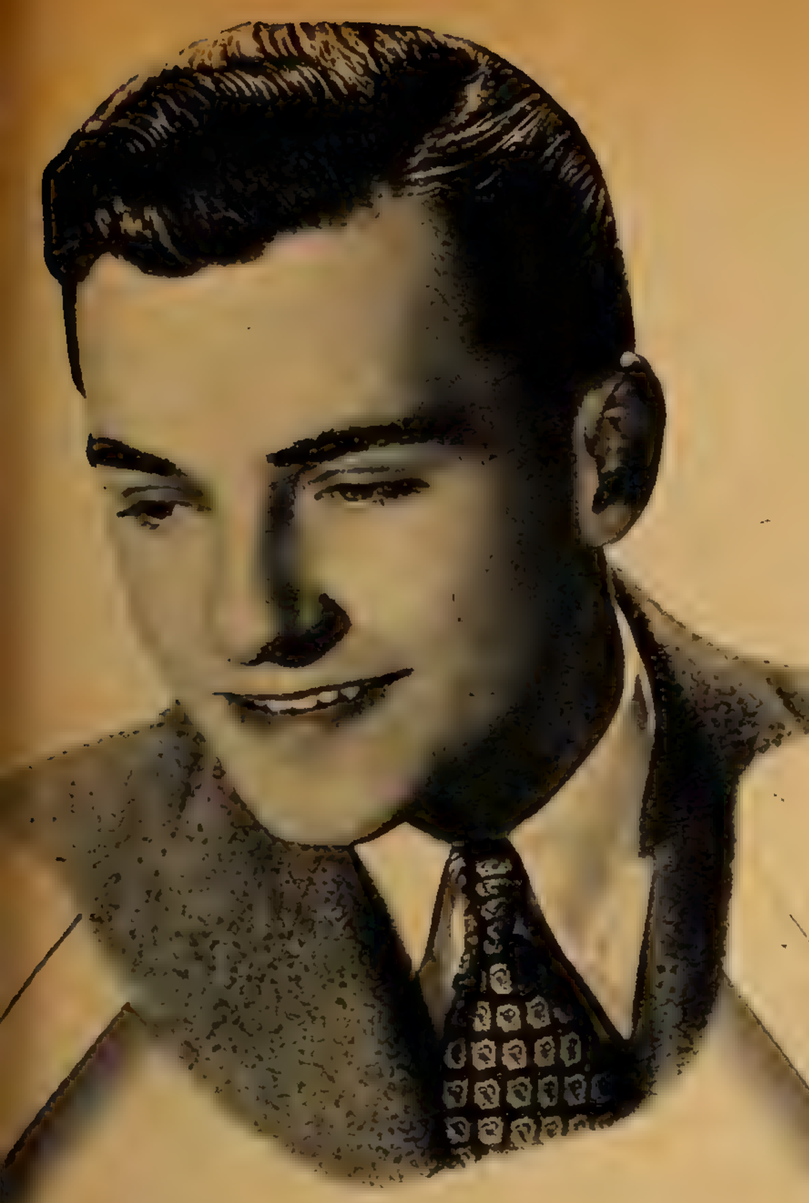
I discovered later that although Evelyn actually had wanted the guest room for herself, she had also taken it over as a sign of—of—well, of defiance, I guess—against me. It was the first of many little incidents which showed that she resented my presence, that she would have preferred a regular servant. However unobtrusive I made myself, there was hardly a day when she did not find some fault with me. I inadvertently did the wrong thing by cooking cereal with half milk and half water; Isabel told me sharply that she wanted it cooked with all water. I offered to do part of the laundry at home; Isabel said that the laundry had always been sent out, that it would continue to be sent out, and reminded me that there were other things to be done in my spare time. Her attitude puzzled me—Isabel had never seemed to me to be the sort of woman who would be jealously possessive about her household and her own ways of running it. Indeed, she seemed to care very little about keeping house at all. Before I came, the part-time cleaning woman had done all of the cleaning that was ever done in the house, and after Isabel was well enough to go downtown shopping, it was things for herself she bought, never anything for the house.

I followed her every suggestion and correction without protest, but over Gregory's diet we actually quarreled. A friend of Isabel's had given her a formula, and when I suggested that she ask the doctor before feeding it to Gregory, she was infuriated. "I think I know best what agrees with my own child," she said. "After all, it was I who suffered to bring him here. Besides, Mildred Hackett's baby gained five pounds on this diet."

"But Jimmy Hackett's older," I objected. "Gregory weighs what he should right now."

I would far rather have been completely wrong than to have been proved right by Gregory's subsequent illness. Even now I turn cold with remembered terror when I recall how, just four days after the new feedings, Gregory retched until his skin turned purple, how I stared in horrified disbelief at the reading of the fever thermometer. By the time Steven came home that afternoon, Isabel had retired hysterically to her own bed, and a very worried doctor was leaving me with complete instructions for caring for Gregory. "He should have a nurse,"

Isabel was Steve's wife. He belonged to her



Dr. Anders said, "but we need them badly at the hospital, and if you can watch him, he should be all right. It is the fever we have to fight now, that is all."

I'll never forget Steven's eyes turning to me with desperate appeal, and with gratitude, too. He clung to me in that look, begged me not to let him down, and in the midst of my fear for Gregory I still knew a sharp thrill of happiness at Steven's need of me.

I sat with Gregory all night long, touching his lips with water now and then, feeling the hot, dry skin, listening to his breathing for any sign of change. And I prayed, prayed as I had never prayed before, prayed as I perhaps would not have prayed had Steven's own life been at stake. The tiny bit of life in the crib was dearer than anything else in the world to Steven, and I knew that if it should go, Steven's happiness could never again be wholly complete. Steven came in while I knelt beside the crib. I could not see him, but I heard his step, and when he did not speak, but remained standing silently, I knew that he was adding his appeal to mine.

HOW long we stayed silently there, willing some of our own life into Gregory's little body, I do not know, but the first faint light of dawn slid thin gray fingers past the half-closed blinds when the baby gasped and turned in his crib and gave a little choking cry before he sank back to silence. I felt Steven stiffen beside me; in a paralysis of hope and terror I forced my hand out to touch Gregory's face. His forehead was damp and cool; my fingers went to his chest, and as I listened, I knew that his breathing was deep and regular now, not like the other breathing.

"Steven," I whispered, "he's all right! The fever's broken—"

"Thank God!" Steven sighed, and did not say anything more for a long time. When he spoke, his voice fought to be normal. "Evelyn, it's nearly six. You must get some sleep."

"I will, but I don't feel tired. Oh, Steven, if anything had happened to him—"

"If anything had happened to him—" His voice was grim. "*This* won't happen again. The doctor told me that that diet—"

"You mustn't blame Isabel—" I began.

"I don't. I blame myself. She's adopted these notions before. One time it was green salad served with breakfast; another time it was closed windows, and humidifiers in every room. Fads, that's what they amount to. I've let her do as she pleased because they've always seemed harmless enough, but this—"

"This was my fault," I interrupted. "If I hadn't objected, Isabel would perhaps have forgotten about it. It's natural for a woman to resent another woman's interference. Steven—perhaps I ought to leave."

"You can't leave," he said almost roughly, but his hand closed over mine. "Evelyn, we need you so much. You—" he was speaking a little ashamedly now, a little sadly, like a man admitting defeat, "—you see, Isabel's no different from the way she's always been. It's not your presence here, but her own unhappiness that's the matter. She's never been really contented here; I'm afraid she's found things pretty dull. She didn't want Gregory; she had never wanted a child at all. I—well, I insisted, finally, partly because I wanted a child so badly, partly because I hoped it might make a difference in her life, give her something to do and to think about. I still think that perhaps things will be better eventually. I know that you're not having the easiest time in the world, but if you'll just stick it out with me—"

What could I say to that? I would have died for Steven, had he asked me; to put up with a peevish woman was a small thing to do for him. Besides, the knowledge that Steven understood and sympathized would be something to cling to, something to comfort me, and it was more—it was a bond between us. At that moment I would not have left the house and Gregory and Steven if Isabel had asked me outright to do so.

Moreover, I had known moments of happiness in that house—a fuller, richer, happiness than had ever before been mine. There were the breakfasts which I shared with Steven and with no one else. At that hour Gregory had gone back to sleep after his six o'clock feeding, and Isabel would not awaken until ten or ten-thirty, when I would carry her tray up to her. The yellow curtains would be bright with sunlight in the breakfast nook, and between Steven and me there would be companionship and laughter and the hope of a new day.

There were the times I had with Gregory, when I bathed him and held his small body, soap-slippery, so solid and yet so destructible, in my hands, when I picked him up for his feedings and caught the first delicious sleepy-baby smile he turned to me, when I tucked him into his crib at night, smelling sweetly of milk and baby powder and fresh, clean flannel, and let him cling to my finger for a while, as if for reassurance against the fears of darkness, before I put out the light.

Those were the good times. Balanced against them were the days spent in the house with Isabel dogging my heels, puttering futilely at this and that, and finally flouncing off to her own room, from which her pettish voice would come every once in a while to remind me of her presence. "Evelyn, did you order cantaloupe for dinner? Too bad—I wanted strawberries . . ." "Evelyn, did the man come with the laundry—"

I was glad when she seemed to stop considering herself an invalid and began to go out quite regularly to her bridge parties and to luncheons. I would hear her talking on the telephone in the morning, and if her voice was joyous, and lilting, I knew that in a few minutes she would be running upstairs to (*Continued on page* 75)

and I was an interloper, with no claim on him!

The Lone Ranger

With his hearty cry of "Hi-yo, Silver!" this mysterious figure of the Old West brings adventure to millions of listeners, young and old, from coast to coast, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday

Tonto is the Ranger's only companion in his adventures.

TOWERING well over six feet in height, his features concealed by a black mask, the Lone Ranger epitomizes the legendary triumph of right over wrong, of justice over injustice, in the days of the opening of the West.

Just so, the Lone Ranger program itself epitomizes the faith of listeners in a radio character who can capture the imaginations of adults and children alike, for the Lone Ranger is celebrating his tenth year in radio. The show began as a local program in Detroit, and the years have brought a rapidly expanding list of stations. Now, the Lone Ranger is heard by millions of friends, coast to coast, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Kix, and the Don Lee network, sponsored by Interstate Bakeries.

With the big and silent Blackfoot Indian, Tonto, the only man who knows who he is and what he looks like, the Lone Ranger brings adventure into homes throughout the country with his way of appearing from nowhere when trouble comes, always on the side of law and order, and vanishing again as mysteriously when the wrong has been righted, dedicated always to helping others.

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"The
Lone Ranger"

MAKE THE MOST OF VEGETABLES

VARIATION is the order of the day on the cooking front, for it is only by varying our methods of preparation that we can keep our meals up to standard for nourishment and interest in the face of our current and necessary wartime restrictions on food. My personal feeling is that this will be good for us, that it won't hurt any of us to learn new methods or change old ones. Vegetable cookery, especially, should profit, for it is unfortunately true that many of us have fallen into the habit of serving the same vegetables day after day, cooked in the same way. And it is just as true that a vegetable which ordinarily plays a minor role at mealtime will, if served in a new way—baked and stuffed for instance—prove to be the hit of the day.

In onions stuffed with kidneys, illustrated, we have a meat and vegetable course all in one and onions stuffed with cranberries are a fine accompaniment for roast pork or fowl.

Onions With Kidneys

6 large onions
6 lamb kidneys
2½ tbls. bacon drippings
Salt and pepper to taste

Remove outer skin from onions, scoop out centers and simmer the onion cups in salted water for 10 minutes. Drain. Remove skins from kidneys and insert them in onion cups. Dot with bacon drippings, add salt and pepper and place in greased baking dish. Bake (covered) in 350 degree oven until onions and kidneys are tender (30 to 45 minutes, depending on size), basting occasionally with the remaining bacon drippings blended with an equal quantity of boiling water. Remove cover for final 10 minutes.

Onions With Cranberries

6 medium onions
1 cup cranberries
½ cup nutmeats (optional)
4 tsps. sugar

Prepare and simmer onions as for preceding recipe. Run cranberries and nutmeats through meat grinder (the measurements are to be taken after grinding), stir in sugar and fill onions. Cook around a roast, allowing about 30 minutes, and basting occasionally with the roast drippings.

Eggplant is another vegetable which seems to take naturally to stuffing, especially when there is a flavor of tomato in the stuffing.

Stuffed Eggplant

1 medium eggplant
2 tbls. minced onion
Bacon drippings or margarine
1 tbl. minced parsley or celery leaves
1 medium or two small tomatoes
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1 tsp. lemon juice

Simmer eggplant for 10 minutes, first pricking skin with fork. Drain, cool and cut in half lengthwise. Scoop out pulp. Peel and dice tomato and add with onion (raw, or sauteed in a little margarine or bacon drippings) and other ingredients to eggplant pulp. Fill eggplant shells with mixture, place on greased baking dish and bake (covered) in 250-degree oven until tender (about 30 minutes), basting occasionally with equal quantities boiling water and margarine or bacon fat. For variation top with grated cheese before baking.

Peanut butter and cheese stuffings are good ones to remember when you plan meatless meals, for both peanuts and cheese are high in protein. Try either or both of the following recipes as a filler for cabbage, onions, tomato or green peppers.

Peanut Butter Stuffing

1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ cup peanut butter
1 cup milk
1 tbl. minced onion
1 tbl. lemon juice
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch of thyme

Blend peanut butter and milk together until smooth, add with remaining ingredients to breadcrumbs and mix well.

Cheese Stuffing

1 cup bread crumbs
½ cup grated cheese
Salt and pepper to taste
Pinch thyme
Milk

Combine crumbs, cheese and seasonings and add sufficient milk to make stuffing of desired consistency (the quantity depends on whether you use a soft or hard cheese).

BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
		8:45	CBS:	Village Chapel
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:00	9:00	9:00	Blue:	World News
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
8:15	9:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
8:15	9:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
8:30		9:30	NBC:	Marcia Neil
8:45		9:45	CBS:	English Melodies
9:00	10:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	10:00	Blue:	Fantasy in Melody
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC:	Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
10:00	11:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
10:00	11:00	11:00	Blue:	Tony Pastor's Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Emma Otero
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Morgan Beatty
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Quincy Howe
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	We Believe
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Stoopnagle's Stooparoos
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:50	1:50	2:50	CBS:	Aunt Jemima
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	National Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lands of the Free
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Gunther & Vandercook
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Arch Oboler Dramas
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Auditions
8:00	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Commandos
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS:	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Only Yesterday
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	FRED ALLEN
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Blue Barron Orch.
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Benny Goodman Orch.
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

SINGING STAR . . .

More and more Americans are turning to classical music for relaxation and enjoyment. Soldiers and civilians alike, are demanding more serious music. That's why we've been asked to write about a very lovely, charming young singer named Vivian della Chiesa. You've probably heard her countless times on such programs as the CBS American Melody Hour and NBC's American Album of Familiar Music. Vivian is just twenty-six years old, but she is now celebrating her tenth year in radio.

Vivian's musical education started in Chicago, when she was very young. She didn't exactly come from a family of musicians, but all of her family were music lovers. Her mother's mother was a gifted organist and there were talented singers and instrumentalists, too, long before her. While there weren't any famous names in her family, they were all people who got along famously with music.

When she was only eight years old, Vivian was placed in a convent in Chicago, where she studied piano. But, even at that time, she wanted to become a singer rather than a pianist. Her sister, who was taking singing lessons at that time, is now a very excellent pianist!

In 1935, Miss della Chiesa walked off with top honors in a nation-wide contest conducted by CBS. There were 3,700 competitors in that contest, which guaranteed to the winner thirteen weeks on a sustaining program. After the second week on the program, Vivian got an offer from a Chicago movie theater, which she immediately accepted. There she sang arias from the operas, concert songs, even popular numbers. "It was the most wonderful training any young singer could get," Vivian smiles, "because on a moment's notice I had to be ready to sing anything."

Vivian has this to say, briefly, to young people who want to become singers. "Work hard." She has often been compared to that great operatic singer, Claudia Muzio. Vivian smiles about that and remarks that she is terribly flattered, but the only way she can be compared to Muzio, she says, is that she has the same capacity for hard work.

Vivian wants most of all to sing at the Met. That has been a driving ambition since childhood. And we feel that she will fulfill her ambition before very long. She recently won great acclaim for her wonderful performance with Arturo Toscanini and the NBC symphony orchestra.

Male listeners to her radio program will be interested to know that she is a very beautiful blonde, with large blue eyes and a sparkling sense of humor. She considers walking the finest sort of amusement.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Chapel Singers
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	The Captivators
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Jack Baker, Songs
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
1:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Al and Lee Reiser
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Vincent Lopez Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio & Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Lotte Lehman
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Paul Sullivan, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Mary Small, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Information Please
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Three Ring Time

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Al and Lee Reiser
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:15	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12-15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Victory Hour
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	David Mannes School
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry & The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue:	Horror, Inc.
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Lights Out
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Al Jolson
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Duffy's
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Burns and Allen
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Jazz Laboratory
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Mary Small Sings

BUSY ANNOUNCER . . .

Whether or not you like announcers, it is almost impossible to avoid hearing a young man named Harlow Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox is now spieling for four of the top programs in radio. On Fibber McGee and Molly, he is almost as well known as the stars themselves. He handles the announcing duties on the Maxwell House show, Blondie and Mayor Of The Town. As close as we can check, Harlow's voice reaches more people than any single person on the air.

Wilcox, who has been with Fibber and Molly since they started their series in 1935, in Chicago, is a tall, broad-shouldered young man with a warm smile, straight brown hair and blue eyes. When he talks, his bushy eyebrows move up and down rhythmically. "They keep time for me," he grins.

In almost eight years with the McGees, Harlow has been off the air only once.

Wilcox grew up in an atmosphere of showmanship. His father played cornet for the first Ringling Brothers circus ever produced. Later, the elder Wilcox became a well known band leader and young Harlow served as the band boy, lugging instrument cases all over the country. Harlow's sister, Hazel, was a concert violinist. It is little wonder that in his youth, Harlow aspired to be a musician. He wanted to play a hot trombone.

In his early 'teens, Harlow left home for the Chautauqua platform and the stage. He knocked about, touching almost all of the forty-eight states and ended up broke. A firm dealing in electrical equipment offered him a job as a salesman and young Wilcox decided to try it. After five years on the road in this business, he became sales manager of the concern.

Wilcox was not happy as a sales manager. His years of keeping on the move, made it almost impossible for him to stay in one place. In January, 1934, he gave up his position in the electrical company and joined the announcing staff of NBC in Chicago. He figured he'd save money and then travel, but he met Jim and Marion Jordan who took him in hand and induced him to settle down with them. It wasn't really "settling down" because Fibber and Molly helped guide him to the top rung in radio announcing.

When the McGees' program moved out to California, Harlow went with it. Now, most of his traveling is done in and around Hollywood, as he dashes from program to program. He is married to Mari Bishop of Oak Park, Illinois, whom he met while he was an announcer at NBC. Harlow's favorite sports are horseback riding, golf and tennis. He likes poetry, biography and modern music.

Those in radio who know Harlow well say that he is a very simple, unaffected person with an infinite capacity for laughter and story telling. Harlow's ambition is to spend the next thirty years as an announcer for Fibber and Molly and some day accompany them on a trip around the world.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Time
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Chapel Singers
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Food News Roundup
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Al and Lee Reiser
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along—Landt Trio
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Columbia Concert Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Mary Small
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Sammy Kaye Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	John Freedom
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Milton Berle
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Al and Lee Reiser
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Eastman School of Music
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius?
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Don't You Believe It
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	John B. Kennedy
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Coffee Time
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbot and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

AMERICAN FORUM . . .

Next to being in an argument, Americans love to listen to one. This, no doubt, is why Theodore Granik's American Forum Of The Air is rapidly becoming one of the most popular programs of our time. Among the people who have matched wits and tempers on Granik's broadcast, were Donald Nelson, Leon Henderson, Rear Admiral Land, Francis Biddle, Dorothy Thompson and William Allen White. The list could go on and it should be interesting to know that nobody is paid for an appearance on the program.

Sometimes, the people on the program become very hot-headed while trying to prove their points. Mr. Granik, however, is always able to maneuver even the most temperamental political prima donna so skillfully that scarcely any time is wasted in name calling. He stays neutral, but is always firm, hard headed and diplomatic. This is quite a feat. He works so hard during a broadcast that he has to change his shirt after he leaves the studio, because it is usually wringing wet with perspiration.

Granik lives in Washington and knows almost every important person in politics. He began his radio career in 1926 after leaving, of all things, a job as an interlocutor in a minstrel show! His broadcasting days began with a Bible reading, then a sports review. While attending St. John's Law School, he began a radio discussion program called "Law For The Layman." He changed the format of the program from law to the problems of the day.

Although he has led an active public life, Granik has always found time to keep his radio forums going. He's been on the air for sixteen years and The American Forum Of The Air has been going strong since 1937. Granik's career in politics and law has not been hindered in the slightest by his activity in radio. He was the Assistant District Attorney for New York County. He was the General Counsel for the United States Housing Authority. He is the co-author of the law establishing the Smaller War Plants Corporation, which made him a hero to little business men.

Today, Granik still has a thriving practice as an attorney and public relations counsel in Washington. He is a counsel for the Bank of America. He was recently appointed national general counsel for the American Business Congress. He is a special adviser to Donald Nelson and serves as a counsel on the Small-Business Committee. While he relates all this, Granik smiles and remarks, "And I have a little spare time to spend with my two children." Then he adds, rather whimsically, that he also writes a newspaper column and conducts a College Forum over WOL in Washington.

Granik's purpose in conducting his Forum Of The Air is to put into action his firm belief in free speech. He states it this way: "The most potent weapon for the maintenance of our Democratic way of life is the guarantee that the people will be heard and their desires expressed."

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Chapel Singers
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene and Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Food News Roundup
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Al and Lee Reiser
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Landt Trio and Curley
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Indianapolis Symphony
12:30	2:30	2:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Johnny Doughboy Reporting
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius?
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBC:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	John B. Kennedy, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Paul Sullivan
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Ghost Shift
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Dinah Shore
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	The Thin Man
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30	NBC:	All Time Hit Parade
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Gracie Fields

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	NBC:	Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
		8:45	CBS:	Bert Buhrman Orchestra
		8:45	Blue:	News
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Caucasian Melodies
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	NBC STRING QUARTET
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Nellie Revell
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Game Parade
		11:05	CBS:	American Red Cross
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	God's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Golden Melodies
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Beverly Mahr, vocalist
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Melodies for Strings
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Washington Luncheon
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	David Cheskin's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	People's War
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	News
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05	CBS:	Of Men and Books
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Spirit of '43
1:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Nat'l Parents and Teachers
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	F. O. B. Detroit
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Hello from Hawaii
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	News
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Lyrics by Liza
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Matinee in Rhythm
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Reports from London
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Calling Pan-America
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Joe Rines Orchestra
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	News, Alex Drier
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Country Editor
2:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Message of Israel
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Paul Lavalle Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Report to the Nation
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Strange Dr. Karnac
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Noah Webster Says
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Danny Thomas
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Crummit and Sanderson
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Severeid
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Soldiers With Wings
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC	Dick Powell
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Let's Play Reporter
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

Glimpse of Heaven

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absently, because I was thinking how much I wanted him to hurry up and finish that sandwich so he could hold my hand under the table.

"Weather—or something," he agreed morosely. "Honestly, no man could be as sick as Joe Kinnard says he is and live. That guy's gone half the time, but he looks as healthy as a horse. I asked him about it last night, and he laughed and said, 'Well, a man's got to play hookey once in a while, Bill—get wise to yourself.'"

I looked up. "You mean he stays away when he doesn't really have to?"

Bill nodded. "Playing hookey—that's a cute little term for holding up production. We're not getting our quota out, and that means that for every fellow like Joe, two or three others have to work extra. It's too darned hard on us—makes me mad." He put down the remains of his sandwich. "Let's skip dessert, Pretty, and walk a while, before I start smashing dishes. Gosh, how I'm getting to hate this place!"

I FELT that way, too, so next day we tried something else. We went to a movie, trying to get out of the brightness of the sun, away from the eyes of so many people. That took the lunch hour, of course, and the fact that we were young and healthy and had to eat—people who say you can live on love don't make sense!—spoiled things right away. We went armed with chocolate bars, and munched through the first twenty minutes or so—there's romance for you! Then Bill slid his hand into mine, and a moment later I found that I was clinging to that strong, hard hand of his as if it were the last steady thing in a rocking world. I looked up at him and found that he was smiling down at me, too—a funny, solemn sort of smile, there in the half-dark. And I felt suddenly peaceful. . . .

But it seemed as if it were only a minute or two later that I looked at my watch, and then tugged at his arm.

"Bill! Bill, we've got to go. I've only five minutes to get to the office!"

The dream shattered around us—I swear you could hear the pieces fall—and we hurried up the aisle. And then it was awful. There was the sun again, and people with worry in their faces, and the breath-jamming hurry to the office, and the knowledge that those few minutes were a sort of sham, as if we'd stolen them, as if we had made day into night for a little while and were being punished by an even greater brightness and matter-of-factness afterwards in the world into which we emerged. It was—well, it was dreadful. I can't explain. But we didn't go to the movies again.

We kept experimenting, Bill and I. There was the Sunday we went on the picnic, for instance—well, not just "for instance," because it was a very special Sunday, and one I'll never forget.

According to the plans we'd made, I got up very early and packed a lunch in the boardinghouse kitchen from things I'd bought the night before. All the things that no picnic's complete without—sandwiches, and cheese, and deviled eggs, and potato salad, and fruit, and apple turnovers. And all the while I packed it I whistled because I was happy, but there was a funny little unhappiness at the back of my mind, too—because I kept wondering if Bill and I would ever get to see a lot of each other. It wasn't just that I wanted to be with him, understand. I wanted him to see enough of me so he'd really fall in love with me, and so he'd ask me to marry him, and so we could have that little house he wanted, and, I finished the chain of my thought with a happy laugh, so that our picnic salads would come from our kitchen instead of the delicatessen and our picnic turnovers come hot and spicy straight from our own oven!

It was a beautiful day, and we were happy, even though Bill hadn't had enough sleep. We laughed and talked with some other people on the bus, and it was somehow all right because at least we were doing in the daytime something that was *supposed* to be done in the daytime. You expect sunshine and people on a picnic.

When we got to Merrill Park we found a lovely little knoll all to ourselves on the edge of a stream which laughed and chattered as gaily as we were soon doing. Bill spread out the old raincoat he had brought along for me to sit on, and threw his long length down on the grass, pillowing his head in my lap. I felt, for a moment, very still and strange, looking down at him, and I couldn't do anything or say anything. And then I put out my hand and touched his dark head tentatively, and the spell was broken up in our mingled laughter—laughter a little forced and embarrassed at first because of the tiny glimpse of heaven we had had in each other's eyes.

OH, that day *was* heaven. We sat and talked of little things—all the small, sweet things that a boy and a girl who are drifting into love want to know about each other—until hunger drove us to unpack the basket. Somehow, the food managed to taste better than food had ever tasted before, and we played a game as we sat opposite each other eating—we peopled the places between us with imaginary children. There was little Kathy, only two, who had to be helped with her food, and Bill, junior, who had brought along a slingshot and had to be lectured on not shooting birds.

Suddenly Bill stopped right in the middle of offering little Kathy a glass of milk, put down the remnant of apple turnover in his hand, and got swiftly to his feet, pulling me up with him. And then he kissed me, not as he'd ever kissed me before, but the kind of kiss that belongs only to people who belong to each other.

"Pat, honey—Pat, I love you!"

I didn't think that mere words could have so sweet a meaning. After a while I discovered that that voice which was half laughter and half tears was my own, and I stopped its foolish ringing to say, "Bill I love you, too."

We forgot all about the food spread out around us, and sat down, close together, feeling sort of solemn, clinging to each other like a pair of children.

"Let's make it real," Bill said, after a while. "Let's make it real—the children and a home and all the things that go with it. Patsy, honey—will you marry me?"

My laugh was still a little shaky when I said, "I wondered when you were going to ask me."

Continued on page 56

MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. "Pond's Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care," she says. "Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft"

HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA'S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat . . . pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's for *extra cleansing* and *softening*. Tissues it off again.

Do this *every* night, and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why Martha loves Pond's—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.

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SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

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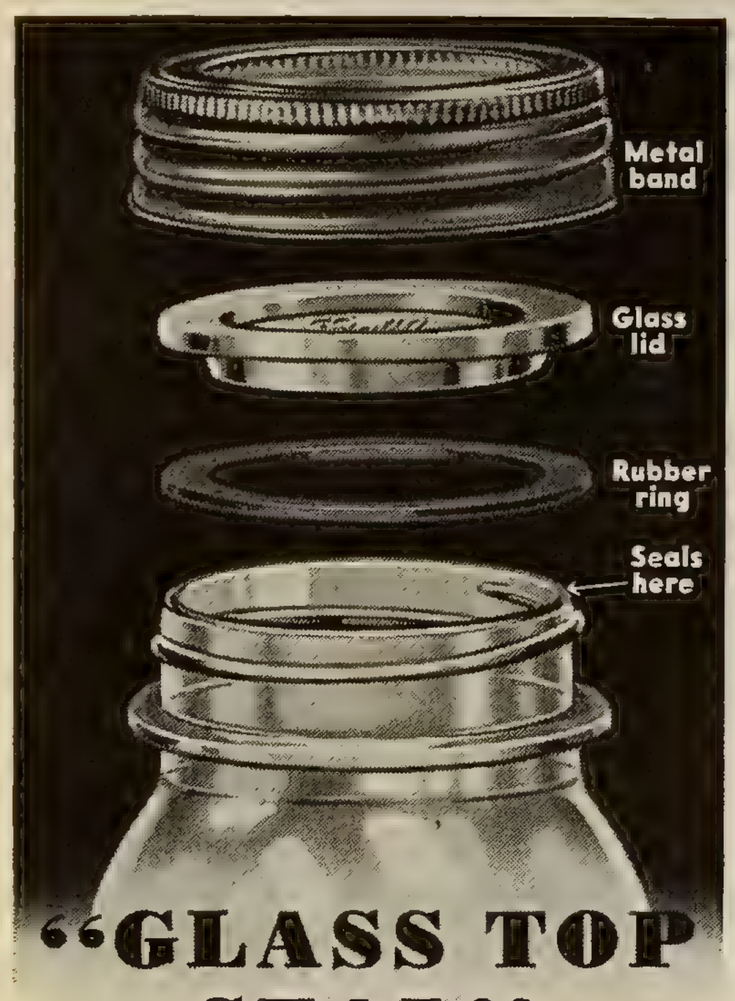
"The busier I am," Martha says, "the more I depend on Pond's to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span." You'll find Pond's Cold Cream at *your* favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*



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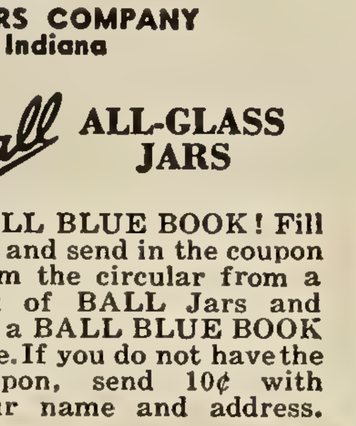

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He had to kiss me again before he said, "I'll buy you a ring, Pretty—is that all right? I mean, can we make it official, and tell everybody?"

I thought about it for a minute. "Let's keep it our own secret for a little while," I decided. "Just a couple of weeks. Then you can give me a ring for my birthday—that's two weeks from day-after-tomorrow."

He nodded. "Two weeks—and then we'll tell the whole world. But I can't wait to pick out that ring. Not a diamond. A sapphire, just as blue as your eyes, with a star in it to bring us luck!"

Do you wonder that I can never forget that wonderful, that perfect, that heavenly Sunday?

That next day I hurried out of the office at lunch time, my heart singing, "I'm going to see Bill, I'm going to see Bill!" My feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and when I got to the cafe, and sat down to wait, even the raucous voices of the counter boys sounded like a bright new tune.

BUT the tune faded, and the brightness went out of the day. Because Bill didn't come. I knew the reason, of course, long before I found the note under my door when I got home that night. "Sorry, Pretty, but I slept right through. Hon, I'm a wreck—nearly went to sleep on the line last night. Guess we'll have to cross all-day picnics off our list. See you tomorrow. I love you—Bill."

I guess we'll just about have to cross living off our list, I thought bitterly for a moment, and then I remembered Bill's arms around me, and his voice, very soft, but very urgent, telling me of his love—and I knew that if I never saw him again I'd still wait until the end of the world for him.

The days between that wonderful picnic Sunday and my birthday were just like the days that had passed, except that we had a new restlessness now. We wanted to talk about the beautiful pattern of the future spread out ahead of us, but how can you scream your dreams in a busy cafe? So we went back to talking at noon about my work and Bill's, about the people we'd seen, about anything and everything except the one thing that was everything to us.

"Joe Kinnard's still taking his weekly sick-leave vacations," Bill said on one of those days.

"You mean he's still staying away from work when he doesn't have to?"

Bill nodded. Then he hesitated a moment. "I almost feel like doing it myself," he said, at last, a little defiantly. "I'd like to take a little time off and get acquainted with my future wife." He smiled a crooked smile.

I woke up, then. "Bill, didn't you say that when one man stays out it throws the whole department out of gear—keeps you below your quota and makes the others work harder than they ought to?"

Bill nodded glumly.

"Then you can't," I told him. And, after a minute, in a small voice, "We aren't that important, Bill."

He looked at me sharply. "You're the most important thing in the world to me," he said.

"And you are to me," I told him. "But Bill—that's just our world. The whole world, everybody's world, is full right now of things more important than two people being together and—"

His smile stopped me. "Okay, Pretty—you win. Don't worry—I'll behave."

But he spoke of it again, several times, in the days that crept closer to my birthday. Sometimes it was half jokingly, sometimes defiantly. "Think I'm developing a pain—a pain in the neck from overwork, Pretty. Need to take time off and let you nurse me back to health." Or, "It's a shame we can't be together on your birthday, honey, except just at noon. Lord, I'd love to take you out for a big celebration!"

Mostly, though, those two weeks were happy ones. It's hard to explain. I mean, I guess, that basically we were happy, but on the surface, at the moment, we were sometimes discontented and disappointed. I think I stood it better than Bill, because I was so excited about that ring I was going to get. I thought of what it would mean—that Bill had marked me for his own girl in front of the whole world. And woman-like, too, I planned how I'd show the ring to the girls in the office, and how envious they would be.

ALMOST before I knew it a week had slipped by, and it was Sunday again. No picnic this time—Bill slept late—but our walk in the park was different than it had ever been before. The sunshine was an aura of glory around us, and the birds had brought out all their best songs for our benefit.

Bill hadn't said a word about the ring—not even whether he had bought it—and I began to tease him about it when we sat down on our favorite bench to feed the squirrels.

"Buy it yet?" I asked, very casually.

He looked up, a little muscle twitching at the corner of his mouth. "Buy what?" As if he didn't know what I'd been thinking of all week long!

"The ring, silly—my ring."

He made his face very solemn. "What ring? I don't know what you're talk-

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Say Hello To-

WARREN SWEENEY—a radio announcer with music in his ear. WOL, Washington, was the scene of Warren's start in radio. Studying music in Baltimore he got a job playing the piano on the station. Then he took up announcing, and for seven years he worked on WJSV. In 1939 Warren came to New York, and his voice became familiar to millions of listeners as he called in the foreign correspondents nightly on The World Today. Last season he realized his ambition to announce the New York Philharmonic concerts when he got the job on the strength of his work with the CBS Summer Symphony. Warren Sweeney is the number one family man among announcers—at 33 he has six children. Ask him what his favorite recreation is and he'll tell you, "Piano, piano—"

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...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Continued from page 56

ing about." There was a bright twinkle dancing in his eyes, now, and he leaned over and kissed me, very lightly and foolishly, on the end of the nose. "Don't worry about your ring, Pretty—that's my worry." Then the happiness faded from his face, to be replaced by the look of nervous discontent that I was coming to dread, because it meant that he was unhappy. He got to his feet.

"Come on, Pretty—we'd better get moving if we're going to have dinner before I have to go to work. You might as well be someone I met yesterday," he added bitterly, "for all I see of you."

I hurried through my work Monday morning, anxious as a child is anxious for Christmas to get out of the office and meet Bill—because, after all, tomorrow was my birthday, and if we were going to make any kind of plans at all, we'd have to make them today, wouldn't we? But, just the way things always happen when you're in a hurry, some extra typing came in right before lunch, and it was 12:20 by the time I got away. Bill was waiting for me, thank goodness.

THIS, I thought, was no time to be shy. I'd come right out and ask. "Bill, what are we doing tomorrow—about my birthday, I mean?"

Bill grinned, and that wicked twinkle brightened his eyes.

"Now, Pat, don't be snoopy," he advised me solemnly.

"Bill! I'm dying of curiosity—I've been dying by inches for two weeks!"

The twinkle went out of his eyes, to be replaced by the sweetest tenderness. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said, "Look, Pretty. I said we'd celebrate your birthday. And we will. Now, leave it to Bill, will you? Can't a fellow cook up a surprise for his girl?"

And that's all I could get out of him. Besides, I had so little time. I hurried through a sandwich and a glass of milk, and got to my feet. "Bill, I've got to go back now—will I see you at lunch tomorrow?"

He paused with a forkful of cherry pie in mid-air. "I'll try to make it," he said, in a very unconcerned, nice-to-have-met-you tone. And that was that.

I got through the rest of the day somehow, and spent the evening washing my hair and fixing my nails and pressing my blue dress that Bill liked so much—just in case.

Then, at last, it was my birthday.

It was dreadful. The office, in the first place, was a madhouse. We had a very special program scheduled for that night, and there were a million things to be done—and that was fortunate, for I was too busy even to think about anything else. But at lunch time I tore myself away and hurried to our little restaurant—to wait in solitary misery through the hour.

Bill didn't come, I kept telling myself as I walked slowly, like a tired old woman, back to the office. Bill didn't come. Bill slept right through the moment he was to become engaged to me. But hadn't he told me not to worry? Hadn't he said, "Leave it to Bill?"

Resolutely I threw myself back into my work, determined to leave it to Bill if he said so, pounding the hours away on the keys of my typewriter.

It was my night to work, you know—and even if it hadn't been, I'd have been working extra, because my boss was in charge of the big war program we had scheduled for that night. So at dinner time I hurried home to get a quick bite of food, change my dress, and get back to the station. Maybe there'd be a note from Bill, I thought, explaining everything.

I opened the door. And there was Bill, sitting on the old-fashioned hat-stand in the hall, waiting for me.

He jumped to his feet as I opened the door, and grinned a bit uncertainly.

"Bill, you're home," I said, foolishly. And then, "Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong? No, nothing's wrong. Not exactly. I mean, not now." He sounded like a small boy caught stealing apples.

I managed to catch his eye and hold it. "Bill, stop babbling! What on earth are you talking about?"

He assumed a tone one takes with a not very bright three-year-old. "I wasn't feeling well at the plant. Sort of dizzy. So I got the foreman to let me off." Then pleasure crowded into his voice to balance the funny little sound of guilt. "But I'm feeling swell now, Pat. So why don't you put on your best bib and tucker and we'll go out to celebrate this birthday of yours?"

I couldn't find anything to say to him for a moment, and I very nearly relented. He looked so terribly like a puppy who knows he's done something wrong and is being particularly lovable to make up for it. But after all we'd said! Anger welled up in me.

"Bill Carey! You know as well as you know your own name that you didn't have a dizzy spell any more than I did! You—you're staying away from the plant when you don't have to. You're cheating—playing hookey like that Joe Kinnard. You had so much to say about him, and you're no better than he is when it comes right down to it. I'm ashamed of you—after all you've told me about men staying out slowing down production and cutting down the quota. After all you said about not being able to cheat when you're making wings for the army—"

BILL put out his hands to take me by the shoulders. "Now you look here, Pat! Okay, I did lie about being sick. But this isn't just something I happened to want to do. This is our big day—yours and mine!"

I wanted to put my head down on his shoulder and cry, he looked so hurt and bewildered, but I couldn't back down—not when I remembered my brother Nick, not when I remembered those long lines of boys who didn't look old enough to exchange playing for fighting. I held my ground.

"This is my night to work, anyway," I told him. "And I wouldn't think of not going back. We've got a big war program, and I've got to do my part for it. We can't have two people backing down on their jobs!"

And then I turned and hurried out without waiting for anything—I couldn't. I had to get out of there and get out right away. I heard the door jerk open again as I ran down the street, heard Bill's voice calling after me, but I didn't stop.

Thank heavens, there was plenty to do at the station to keep me from thinking about anything. It wasn't until the show was nearly ready to go on that there was a second's breathing time. Then my boss asked me if the audience was pretty well filled up, so I went out on the stage to peep between the curtains out into the au-

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Here's ROSALIND RUSSELL...*lovely as Springtime itself*

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day !

CHARMING ROSALIND RUSSELL, STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

Continued from page 58

ditorium. Well, I never did check to see if there were a lot of vacant seats, because right there in the second row was Bill!

And then everything happened at once. I was hurried off stage, and the curtains parted for the announcer to "warm up" the audience before the show went on the air. I was standing in the wings opposite my boss, checking the cast to make sure everyone was there. Suddenly there was that funny, breath-held hush that always comes, and we were on the air!

It was only then that I had time to think—to think: Oh, Bill, you shouldn't have come! Because, you see, I knew what this show was about, and how it would hurt poor Bill, already hurt by the things I had said.

There wasn't anything I could do. The music swelled up and died, and the voice of the announcer came in. And after his speech, the dramatized part of the program—the part which told about the slowing up of our great war effort caused by workers staying away from their jobs!

I LISTENED dully—listened to the voice of a factory worker telling a friend that he was going to take the day off to go fishing. And then the worker's employer, getting an order for a certain new submarine detector part which the particular worker was especially trained to make. After that, a scene of ships going out in a convoy—going out without those submarine detectors, because production on them hadn't met schedule. And then the drama of one of those ships being torpedoed in the blackness of the night and the cries of men with their eyes opened to the world for the last time.

All the while, one little corner of my heart kept crying, "Oh, Bill—oh, Bill!"

Remembering him, I almost forgot the program for a moment. I thought how foolish it had been of me to quarrel with him. He'd only wanted to please me, to make me happy. And after all, it was done now—he'd left work, and we might as well enjoy our stolen evening. Right after the broadcast, I told myself, I'd go out and just say, "Where are we going Bill? What have you planned?"

Then the voices of the actors forced themselves into my mind again. Now the scene was a little house, and a woman receiving a telegram telling her that her husband had died on that torpedoed ship. And her voice, crying, "There will be no tomorrow for us!"

I didn't know what to do—I didn't know what to think. My mind was a whirlpool of faces and words—Bill, and my brother Nick, and the plans Bill and I had made, and that voice, crying, "There will be no tomorrow for us!"

Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer. Cautiously I edged forward in the wings until I could see Bill. But he wasn't there, in his seat—he had risen, and under cover of the music which was filling the auditorium now, he was slipping out.

I ran then—off the stage, as fast as I could, down the corridor and to the lobby. And to Bill.

"Bill, darling," I cried, "it doesn't—" I was going to tell him that I wasn't angry, but he didn't give me a chance to finish.

He came close, put his hands on my shoulders, looked down at me, and there was something in his eyes I'd never seen before—there, or in the eyes of any man.

"I don't know what to say," he said. "I don't know what to say. I can't say that I didn't know the work we all do is so important, because I did know it. I guess I just thought I was more important than that. But I'm not. And you're not."

My voice, answering him, was very small. "None of us is, Bill."

He went on as if he hadn't heard me. "I've felt—oh, like a traitor, ever since I played sick tonight, honey. And I guess I really know why, now. We're safe, you and I—but only as long as the men who are fighting for us keep us safe. They have our tomorrows to guard, and we hold their tomorrows in our hands. For us, there'll aways be tomorrow. But for the boys—boys like your brother, Pat—there might not be any more tomorrows if men like me don't make every one of our todays count for something."

He turned swiftly on his heel. "I'm going back to the plant." He strode ahead, and then turned again. "But I can steal a minute, Pat—for this."

HE reached into his pocket and brought out the ring—the ring I'd wanted so badly, and which I'd forgotten about these past hours. "Here it is, Pretty—blue, like your eyes, and a star for luck."

Taking my hand in his, he slipped the ring on my finger, and we stood very still, as if for a precious second we were all alone in our special heaven.

A moment later, Bill dropped my hand. He caught me close to him, and kissed me as I've never been kissed before—and as I hope to be kissed all the rest of my life. And then he stepped back.

"Good-by, Pretty—you'll get home all right?"

The mist in my eyes kept me from seeing him clearly, but I raised a hand to his blurred retreating figure, and I made sure that my voice was steady as I called to him, "See you tomorrow, darling—tomorrow!"

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JUNE RADIO MIRROR
On Sale Friday, May 7th

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for June will go on sale Friday, May 7th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

Let Me Dry Your Tears

Continued from page 21

about you, up in Chicago, so since I was passing through I thought I'd drop in and see you."

I hadn't seen Joe since I left the hospital. He was a salesman for a Chicago firm of farm-implement makers, and only came to our town once in a while. I didn't blame him for the accident, but I didn't want to be reminded of him, or to see any of his friends.

"Thank you," I said. "It's very kind of you, but I see very few people and I—" It was hard, faced with that smile of his which managed to be both friendly and subtly mocking, to tell him bluntly that I wished he'd go away. I concluded lamely, "I'm sure you understand."

He shook his head. "Nope," he said. "I don't seem to understand at all. What I thought was, if you weren't busy, we could take in a movie or something."

I WONDERED in dismay if he could possibly be ignorant of what the accident had done to me. I was standing in the doorway, with the light behind me, so he couldn't see the scar; and maybe Joe hadn't told him.

Sometimes, when you have suffered, you grow to love suffering. You hurt yourself on purpose. It was that way with me now. On an impulse, I turned so the light fell full on the left side of my face, revealing what was there in all its hideousness. Now, Mr. Jerry Regan, I'll see those merry eyes narrow and turn away, I'll see horror on your face!

I saw nothing of the kind. He went on smiling persuasively. "How about it?" he said. "Maybe tomorrow night, if you don't feel like going out now?"

So he *had* known, I thought, and being forewarned was able to pretend he wasn't shocked. "No, I'm sorry," I said. "I really couldn't."

"Honestly, Miss Valentine, I don't see why not. I'm a harmless sort of guy—I'm kind to my mother, and I've got a dog that loves me, and I earn an honest living. I've even got another suit of clothes I'll put on in your honor if you don't like this one."

Really, he was impossible! In my irritation I forgot to keep up a show of politeness.

"You don't want to take me out," I said scornfully. "Why do you keep insisting?"

"But I do!" he answered. "I never try to get anything I don't want. I want to take you out because—oh, because you're a friend of Joe Nelson's, and I hope of mine."

"I haven't any friends any more." I was trembling. I couldn't understand how this complete stranger had goaded me into revealing to him more of my inner feelings than I'd revealed to anyone since the accident, but I couldn't stop. "I never go anywhere—because I can't bear to have people stare at me!"

"Oh." He pursed his lips and nodded understandingly, as calmly as if I'd said I didn't ever walk in the rain because I didn't like to get my feet wet—as if I were mildly eccentric, but entitled to be so if I liked. "Well, since you don't want to see a movie, suppose I just drop around tomorrow night and we'll sit and talk?"

"No, Mr. Regan," I said, suppress-

Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . . though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

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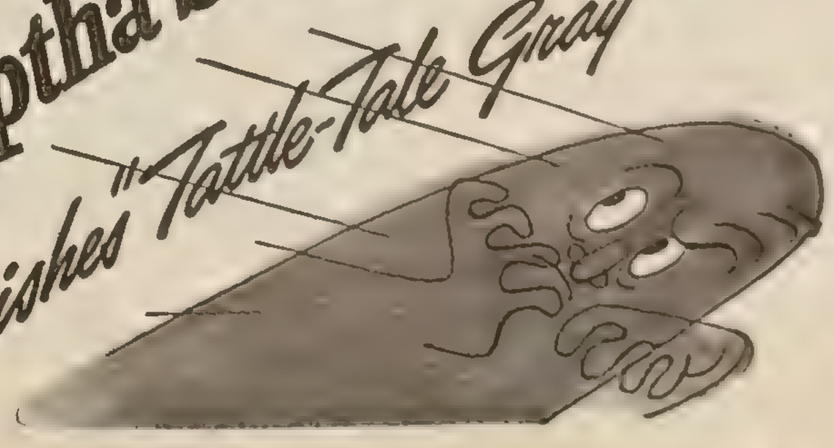

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ing a hysterical desire to laugh.

"The Regans are a terribly stubborn family," he said gravely, "and I'm about the stubbornest of the lot. I'll be here about eight o'clock. All you can do is slam the door in my face."

With a funny, bobbing little bow, he turned and went away, leaving me thinking that I wouldn't slam the door when he came again—I wouldn't even open it.

I was vexed at Joe Nelson for having given my name to this Jerry Regan. He should have known better. Oh, probably he'd meant well. No doubt my self-imposed exile was a fascinating topic of conversation among all the people who'd known me. Joe, feeling responsible for the accident, must have hoped that a stranger would be able to do what old friends couldn't. It was certainly foolish of him, though, I thought, to pick somebody like Jerry Regan. In the old days I wouldn't have looked twice at him, with his worn clothes and brash manners. If Joe had wanted to remind me that beggars can't be choosers, he couldn't have picked a more perfect messenger than Jerry Regan.

I WAS so busy being angry at Joe and his friend Mr. Regan, that I forgot the rest of that evening and the following day, to pity myself.

Father and Mother were home the next night at eight o'clock. It would have been easy for me to say, when the doorbell rang, "If it's someone to see me, tell them I've gone to bed"—and I fully intended to do so. What I said instead was, "I'll answer it, Mother." I was conscious of their amazed and delighted interchange of glances as I left the room.

I was glad it was a warm evening, and I needn't bring Jerry Regan inside where it was light. There were deck chairs in the yard, and it seemed natural to lead him there. I don't know why I didn't try to send him away. Partly because intuitively I knew it would do no good to try, but mostly because in spite of myself he fascinated me. I'd never met anyone who offered himself to you so much at face value. "If you like me," he appeared to be saying, "that's fine. If you don't, I'm sorry, but I guess I can get along all right anyhow."

What did we talk about that evening? Not about motor accidents, certainly. About jobs Jerry had had—apparently he had worked at a good many different jobs, but at the end of the evening I discovered rather to my surprise that he hadn't mentioned his current one. About things that had happened to us when we were children, about movies we'd seen, a little bit—not very much—about the war.

I could hardly believe it when he looked at his watch and announced that it was eleven o'clock. "It was nice of you to let me come," he said sincerely, without a trace of the half-mocking air I had objected to at first.

"You were the nice one to come," I admitted. "It—it couldn't have been much fun for you, after the way I talked to you last night."

He shrugged that off. "Then you'll let me come again?"

"I—No. I don't think you ought to." All at once I was on my guard again. What possible enjoyment could he get out of being with a girl who had been so terribly disfigured? It was pity that made him ask, and I would not take pity.

"I didn't ask what I *ought* to do. I asked if you'd let me."

It was exactly the right answer to allay my suspicions and make me think that perhaps he really did want to come again. I said, "I don't seem to be able to stop you from coming, once you've made up your mind."

"You know," he said, "you almost laughed when you said that. I wish you would laugh. I'd like to hear it."

I stood up. "I guess I've forgotten how to laugh," I said.

Gravely—"That isn't right. We'll have to do something about that."

The softness of his tone brought back to me with a rush all that I had lost. He didn't mean it, of course, but for a moment he had spoken in a way I'd never expected to hear a man speak again. I looked around at the warm, purple-dark night, redolent with the smells of spring. It was a night for love and romance and beauty . . . not a night in which I could have any part.

"Why bother?" I said.

THERE was a pause, and then he said, "It might be because I'm stubborn—or it might be because I think you could be a darn swell girl, if you'd give yourself a chance."

I whirled on him angrily, but with a swift "Good night," he was already on his way to the gate. And when he arrived the next night he had once again taken on his air of good-humored, cheerful inconsequence, as hard to break through as a stone wall.

And as hard to oppose. He said that we'd go to a movie—and we went. He said that we'd drop into the drug store for a coke afterwards—and that's what we did. True, we went to a booth at the rear of the store, but still he had persuaded me to enter a place where there were people who could see me and stare at me and talk about me. And it wasn't as much of an ordeal as I had feared—not with Jerry beside me.

Ours was a queer sort of companionship. I felt completely at ease with him—more so than I had felt with many men I'd gone out with before my accident, much more than I had ever felt with George Bailey. It was because there was no need to impress him, and no use trying to. I didn't care what he thought of me—or I told myself I didn't. Why should I? Before long he'd be leaving town, and then I'd never see him again. Meanwhile, he made me forget.

I even wrote to Joe Nelson, thanking him for telling Jerry to look me up.

It was a day or so after I'd written to Joe that Jerry succeeded in doing something which would have been impossible a bare week before. He persuaded me to go with him to a little fair and bazaar our church was giving.

Many of my friends were there—I had known they would be—and I entered the recreation hall with my head defiantly high to disguise the fact that my heart was hammering as if it were about to shatter my breast. Yet within a few minutes I was feeling better. I couldn't be entirely unconscious of my face, but the expressions of pleasure I heard from everyone were so sincere they brought me a warm glow of happiness.

Then, with a sudden catch of the breath, I saw George Bailey. He stared incredulously, before he smiled and came over to where Jerry and I were standing. "Nora," he said, "this is wonderful!"

After the first shock of seeing him, I was blessedly calm. I introduced him to Jerry, and they shook hands. They made a strong contrast, these two men—Jerry quick and dark and merry, George so tall and correct.

As he turned away, George said tentatively, "Won't you let me come to see you sometime soon, Nora?"—and I answered, "Of course."

When he was out of earshot, Jerry said quietly, "That's the fellow you used to go around with a lot, isn't it?"

"Why—yes," I said in surprise. "How did you know?"

Jerry smiled. "I've been around town a week. I hear things."

FLUSHING, I said, "I suppose you've also heard that he stopped seeing me after—after the accident."

"Yes. But nobody knows exactly why."

"That's obvious," I said. "He couldn't bear to look at me."

Jerry didn't answer at first. Finally he said, "Maybe. Or maybe it was because he didn't think you wanted to see him. You're pretty good at freezing people out, you know."

I smiled incredulously. But I had changed enough, in the last week, to make me wonder if Jerry might not be right.

Walking home with Jerry, I was happier than I had thought I would ever be again. I had braved the publicity of the fair, and had come away unhurt. I mused aloud, "It's funny, Jerry—I never could have gone there with anyone but you. Somehow, you bolster me up, make me brave."

"That's good," he said. "I'm glad I do." We walked along in silence for a while, my arm tucked through his. "I've got to be leaving town in a

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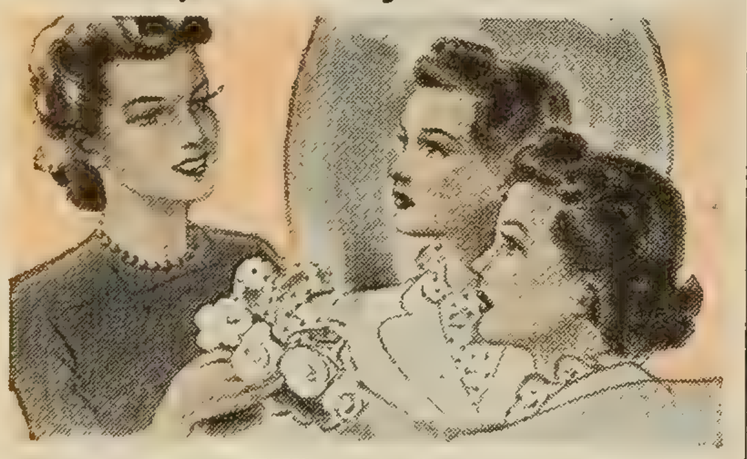

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couple more days," he remarked.

"Do you? . . . Jerry, do you know you've never told me much about yourself? I don't even know where you work, or why you came to town—or anything."

"Oh," he said with unusual moodiness, "I travel—and I'll have to be travelling on soon. I'll be sorry."

"So will I," I said—but I spoke abstractedly, thinking about George Bailey, wondering if Jerry was really right and I had sent him away myself.

"Are you really sorry?" Jerry asked eagerly. He stopped, forcing me to stop too, and face him. I couldn't see his face very well in the darkness, but his voice sounded urgent and excited. "Have these few days we've known each other been as—as wonderful for you as they've been for me?"

MORE wonderful than you could possibly imagine," I said, thinking gratefully of the way he had brought me out of my shell, had pushed my ever-present awareness of my scarred face into the background.

"Nora!" He touched my arms, then with a swift, demanding gesture held me close, pressing his lips to mine. All the breath left my body. I had never known a kiss like his. It was fire and tenderness, the fury of a summer storm and the sweetness of a lingered moment in moonlight. It awoke emotions in me I had never known I possessed, and it was all the more overwhelming because until then I had thought of Jerry Regan only as a friend, a stranger who had come out of nowhere to help me back to sanity.

Instinctively, I clung to him, giving him my lips fully. I could have done nothing else in the surprise and wonder of that moment.

But I was frightened, too. This Nora Valentine was standing on the street kissing a man she scarcely knew —this could not be the self-possessed Nora I'd been all my life! And I drew away a little.

Instantly Jerry freed me. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to do that."

I wonder why I didn't understand. But I didn't. Things had happened too fast for me to reason them out. I could only feel. And my heart, wiser than my brain, told me I wanted Jerry to be master. I wanted him to awaken slumbering, untouched emotions within me and to ride roughshod over the momentary shame which had made me draw away from him. I resented the sudden change in him from passion to apology. I felt let down, disappointed.

"That's all right," I said, starting to walk on. I spoke indifferently, even curtly. "I know you won't let it happen again."

But you mustn't believe me! my heart was crying. *It's only pride that makes me lie!*

We went the rest of the way in silence, and at my door he said, "I'll see you tomorrow night?"

"Of course," I answered politely. "If you're not doing anything."

He couldn't have known from my tone that the anticipation of that next meeting was something I would hug close to me all night long.

But the next morning I got an answer to the letter I had written to Joe Nelson—an answer that turned me cold all over, except for the scar on my face, which seemed to burn like acid.

"This Regan fellow you wrote about isn't any friend of mine," the letter said. "And since he evidently hasn't told you who he is, I'd better. I don't know what he's up to, but the fact is he was driving the truck that hit us. I met him a couple of times, once at the hospital and once at the insurance company's office. That's all I know about him, but I thought I ought to tell you."

I read those words again and again —numbly, unable to put them together in any logical order. There was no meaning to them. There couldn't be. And then my hands lost all power to hold the sheet of paper and it fluttered to the floor while the full realization of Jerry Regan's deception burst upon me with staggering, terrible force.

The man I had kissed the night before—the man who had been making me count the minutes until I saw him again—was the one who was responsible for my hideousness!

OH, it was true—I knew it must be. Joe Nelson would have had no reason to lie to me, and besides, this explained the things about Jerry that had puzzled me. My mind, released from the stunning effect of the first shock, began to race madly, conjecturing, piecing together, rearranging facts to suit this new knowledge.

No wonder Jerry had been so mysterious about his job! But why had he sought me out to begin with? It must have been, I thought, because his Irish conscience had hurt him. He was responsible for ruining an unknown girl's life, and in his cavalier way he'd set out to make amends. All the time he'd been insisting on seeing me, on taking me out, he'd been trying to buy off his own conscience.

Or—and now a horrible, evil suspicion grew in me, one I couldn't put aside. If Jerry was a truck driver, he couldn't have a great deal of money. He would know, naturally,

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VICKI VOLA, who's heard as Miss Miller, secretary to NBC's Mr. District Attorney. A Denver girl, Vicki used her first earnings as a grocery store cashier to finance dramatic lessons. In 1933 she began her radio career in her home town, and the show in which she worked was moved to Hollywood—Vicki along with it. There, she landed roles in a number of shows until 1938, when she decided to try New York. Now, in addition to her part as Miss Miller, she is frequently heard on such programs as the Army Hour, the Kate Smith show, and a number of others. A girl of many interests, she's equally at home engaged in outdoor sports or in reading or listening to recordings by her favorite opera stars. Her proficiency as an outdoor girl was recognized this year when she was crowned Queen of Winter.

about the large sum the insurance company had paid me. Might he have thought that a disfigured wife wouldn't be so bad, if she brought with her all that money?

Jerry wasn't like that; part of me argued desperately. He was fine and honest. But the other part of me, the part that had been hurt and twisted by the accident, said that he wasn't honest. He'd lied once and he could lie again—and again.

I didn't know. I was too confused to be able to judge. Only one fact stood out in stark clarity—whether it was pity or greed that had brought Jerry to me, I did not want to see him again.

That evening, half an hour before he usually arrived, I went out. It was better that way. Mother was a poor liar, and Jerry was quite capable of walking past her into the house if he thought I was there. I went alone to a movie and sat through both parts of the double feature, seeing nothing at all of what went on on the screen. It was after eleven when I got home.

BUT all my efforts to avoid him had done me no good. As I came up the walk he emerged from the shadows of the porch. I stopped, and for an instant we faced each other like two adversaries.

Jerry spoke first. "I guess I know what's the matter," he said. "You've found out who I am."

"Yes, Mr. Regan," I said. "I've found out."

He took a step toward me, then stopped. "I wanted to tell you, but I knew you'd refuse to have anything to do with me."

"That would have been natural, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. I couldn't have blamed you."

"Why *did* you come?" I burst out in agony. "Why didn't you leave me alone?"

"I hoped I could—could make up a little for what my carelessness did to you. I was sorry—"

"Couldn't you see, right from the first, I didn't want your pity?"

I saw him nod, and he said, "Yes, I saw that. But by then it was too late. The minute I met you, I knew you were the girl I'd been looking for all my life."

I began to laugh—hysterically, helplessly. "The minute you saw me—all scarred and ugly—you knew—Oh, that's wonderful—it really is—" Still laughing, but with the tears running down my cheeks, I buried my face in my hands.

"Nora—"

At his touch I flung my head back furiously. "Get away! How can you think I'd believe such an obvious lie?"

"But why are you so sure it's a lie, Nora dear?" The sound of his gentle voice, so full of sadness and pity, angered me all the more. "Why should I lie to you?"

"I can think of one reason," I said. "The insurance money for the accident might seem like a fortune—to a truck driver."

He could have been no more stunned by the words than I was, in my secret heart. I knew, once I had heard them said, that I did not believe them, could not believe them. But I had wanted to wound him, and now I had succeeded.

"Nora, Nora," his voice broke the thundering silence. "Someday I hope you'll realize that you're not the one to be pitied, half as much as I am—for what I've done to you."

"Want him to adore you? Try my *W.B.N.C."

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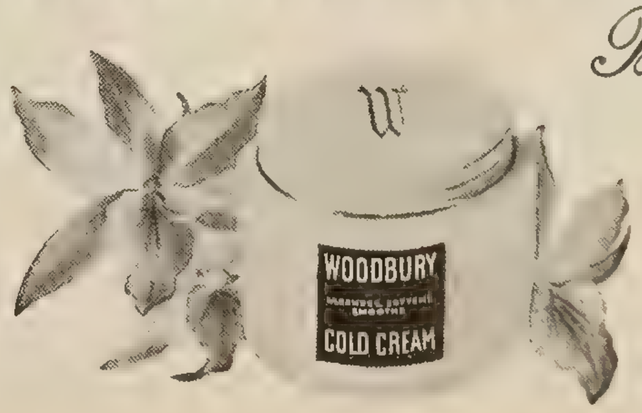

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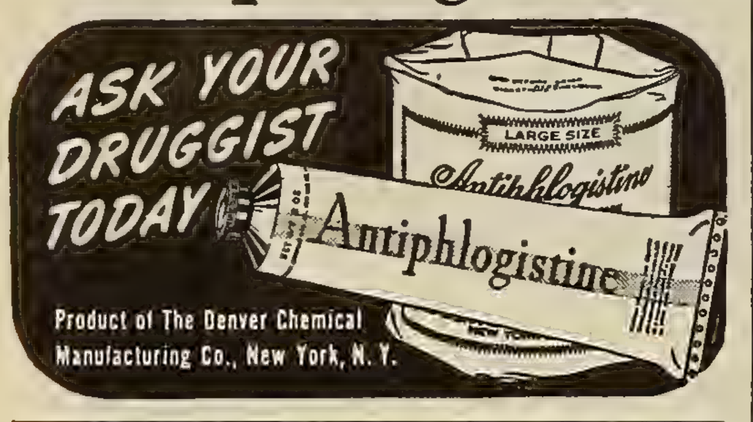

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"Jerry!" I called after him. "Jerry!" But he did not turn around.

I was like a sick person. In my delirium I had struck out against the one who had tried to help me. But in that delirium I had passed the crisis of my sickness, and it left me weak and indifferent—but sane. In the days that followed it didn't seem to matter any more that my face had been scarred. It didn't even matter when George Bailey called me up and asked me to go out. I accepted—because it didn't matter, either, what I did, or where I went, or with whom.

Father and Mother were pleased, because they believed I had come through the "bad time."

I DIDN'T ask George why he had come back to me. I was content to suppose that Jerry had been right—I myself had made him think I didn't want to see him.

It was the same when, in midsummer, George asked me to marry him. When your heart is dead, it can neither ache nor leap with joy. I felt about George exactly as I had always done. He was kind, handsome, practical. We would have a good life together, since he was seemingly willing to overlook the scar. Probably, I thought, that scar had never been important to anyone but me . . . I told him I would marry him.

Mother and Father, in their happiness, insisted on giving a party to announce the engagement. To them, I think, it was to be a kind of symbol, a sign of victory. Scarred as I was, I still was the beloved of the town's best-looking young man. They always had approved of George, and now was their hour of triumph.

I came downstairs early on the night of the party. Everything looked nice—a buffet supper laid in the dining room, the rug rolled away in the living room for dancing. It wasn't to be a large party, just the people I had known since high-school days. I stood in the midst of the empty, waiting rooms, and it seemed to me that all this must be only a dream. It couldn't be happening. I didn't love George Bailey—how could it be that I had promised to become his wife? And yet I had. How could I smile, a few hours from now, and listen to people's good wishes? And yet I would.

"Jerry!" I whispered.

But I had sent Jerry away.

The doorbell rang, and I started almost guiltily. It was George, and he'd hardly come in before I realized to my amazement that he had been drinking—something I'd never known him to do, except very moderately. "I don't like liquor," he'd said once. "I don't like the feeling that I don't know exactly what I'm doing, all the time."

"Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" he announced, in a voice that was just a shade too loud, and laughed. I smiled in return—it wasn't like him to be in such high spirits, any more than it was like him to drink, but I was glad that he was happy. I wanted him to be happy. That was the least I could give him.

And yet, looking at him more closely, I could not be so sure that he was happy. The smile on his lips did not extend to his eyes—they were dark and desperate-looking, and did not meet mine. He bent down to kiss me—and impulsively, wildly, acting on some deep knowledge, I turned to his lips my ravaged cheek.

I felt him stop, shuddering. "Don't," he said thickly. "Don't, Nora."

As quickly as all that, I knew.

The knowledge did not destroy me, as it would have once. I felt, at this moment, strong and unafraid. Nothing could ever hurt me now.

"Why did you ask me to marry you, George?" I asked, stepping back a little and looking at him calmly.

He stammered confusedly, "Why—I've always wanted to—I—"

"Was it because of all the money I got from the insurance company?" I asked—but not fiercely, as I had asked Jerry the same question. Because this time I knew the answer.

"Of course not! How can you—" But he knew that no matter what he said I would not believe him. He could not lie to me.

"There won't be any announcement tonight," I said. I turned at the sound of Mother coming downstairs. I could even smile at her. "George and I have decided it's a mistake to be engaged," I said. "We'll have the party, but no announcement." Quickly, before I had a chance to do more than glimpse the shocked dismay on her face, I ran past her and upstairs.

Still I did not feel desolate. I could see the road straight before me, and although it was a lonely road, it was open and clear.

MECHANICALLY, I re-powdered my face, touched up my lips, and finally, composed and calm, went downstairs. The guests had begun to arrive, and I went from one to the other, shaking hands, smiling, making unimportant remarks. George had left, but I found that I was adept at saying lightly he'd hoped to come, but had been prevented by a business engagement.

No doubt everyone there knew that this was to have been a party to announce my engagement, and they were all wondering what had happened. Well, I thought, free at last, let them wonder!

Suddenly there was a hush. I was standing with my back to the door which led into the hallway, and everyone was looking past me, wide-eyed. I whirled—to see Jerry standing there, dusty in work clothes, cap clutched in his hand.

No, I thought, this can't be real. Prayers aren't answered like this. But Jerry's gaze found me, and he took a step toward me, and a whisper ran around the room.

Without my volition, my feet carried me across the room—to Jerry, out into the hall, out of sight of all those peering eyes.

"I was taking the truck through tonight," he said. "I saw Bailey down on the street—he told me you'd broken your engagement with him. I wanted to see you. I knew how you'd feel—"

"Oh, no, Jerry," I cried. "You didn't know—you didn't know at all!"

"No," he said slowly, "I can see that. I can see that now. I—I'm sorry I broke into your party—"

He turned to go, but I seized his arm, half-laughing, half-crying. "Oh, Jerry, Jerry," I said, "don't you realize that without you there'd never have been a party—or that the party doesn't mean a thing to me when you're around?"

Unbelievingly, he searched my upturned face—but only for an instant before his own lit up with relief and gladness. There may have been people watching us when he took me in his arms, but if there were we neither knew nor cared.

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CAREER FOR TWO

SEVERAL years ago, a young man sat in a movie theater watching a Paramount short which featured a girl named Harriet Hilliard. The young man was a band leader named Ozzie Nelson and he decided, then and there, that Harriet was the girl he'd like to have sing with his orchestra. Friends told him not to waste his time, that Harriet was being groomed by Hollywood for big parts in pictures.

Ozzie, however, was a very stubborn fellow. "I'll ask her, anyway," he said. "What have I got to lose?" Nobody was more surprised than Ozzie when Harriet accepted his offer. A few months later, in October, 1935, to be exact, he was still more surprised when she quickly accepted his proposal of marriage.

Shortly after they were married, Hollywood beckoned again, offering Harriet a big part with Fred Astaire in "Follow The Fleet." She didn't want the part, but Ozzie made her take it. She made that picture and three others, missing Ozzie, who was on the road with the band, more every day. She finally wrote him that she was quitting pictures because there was soon going to be an addition to the family. That brought Ozzie on the run and ever since then they've been inseparable. They agreed, on the day David Ozzie Nelson was born that they would somehow manage to keep together.

Harriet Hilliard—foil for Red Skelton's comedy sketches on his Tuesday NBC show, is also wife of Ozzie Nelson and mother of two sons.

Harriet Hilliard is so identified with Ozzie Nelson that not many people know much about her life before they were married. The singing-acting star of the NBC Red Skelton show began her career in a stock company at the age of six weeks in "Heir to Hoorah," a presentation of the North Brothers. Her father was a theatrical director and her mother was an actress.

Harriet was alternately star and bit player in her parents' stock company for several years until it was decided that she ought to have some formal schooling. She entered St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City, finished in 1928, and immediately returned to the theater. Within a year, she was billed with such stars as Bert Lahr and Ken Murray.

Harriet and Ozzie were an immediate hit on their first radio program, the Baker's broadcast. They stayed on that show for five solid years, then joined the late Joe Penner's show. They've also appeared together on Robert Ripley's program and are now on their second year with the "I Dood It" boy, Red Skelton.

Just two and a half years ago, Eric Hilliard, another boy, joined the Nelson household. Young, lovely, a star in her own right. Harriet says she is one of the happiest women in radio. She and Ozzie spend most of their spare time at home and neither of them will accept an engagement unless the other is included. In fact, they are so attached that Harriet would rather sing a duet with Ozzie than a solo.

Take a Chance on Happiness

Continued from page 35

Steele. It never occurred to me.

Michael's wife, Michael's wife . . . Suddenly I turned on Kenny. "You told me all this about Michael's private life because you're jealous! Well, I don't care, do you hear? He's never lied to me—never told me he *wasn't* married. He's never proposed . . ." I talked fast and indignantly, but even as I invented them the arguments I used sounded just that way—invented.

Kenny said, "I wonder if an old-fashioned spanking would help."

I felt the way I used to when we were eight and had fist fights. We weren't as evenly matched now as we had been then. "You get out of my house," I ordered. And Kenny, with a hopeless sort of shrug, left me. And it was only when I was by myself that I stopped to think. And those thoughts sent me to crumple, a frightened, weeping, forlorn heap, on the davenport.

MICHAEL found me that way. I let him in, around midnight, out of sheer surprise. I let him stay because I did not know how to send him away. When he took me in his arms I objected, but he kissed me until I stopped objecting.

"Well, sweet," he said right off, "so now you know it all. To tell the truth I'm rather relieved—I've wanted so many times to tell you myself. But you're such a sweet innocent I was afraid I'd frighten you. Now I'll explain, since everything is out in the open. . . ." How can you explain marriage? I thought dully. But Michael could. He did not even have to try hard. Just told me about it—how he'd met Helen, who was considerably older, while working his way through college. Her father was the man who started him in the lens business, and Helen helped a lot. The marriage, on his side at least, had been mostly gratitude and friendship, not real love.

Helen was a smart business woman, a career woman. She had wanted children, of course, but when none came she let the business engross her. "We have no real home life," Michael said. "We hardly ever see each other. So . . ." So he would ask for a divorce, and if he promised to give Helen the business he felt certain he'd get it. I began to feel less guilty. I was picturing him married to a shrewd, hard, middle-aged brain-truster, capable of neither passion nor warmth.

"Just the same," Michael continued, and he was smiling with one corner of his mouth, "I wish I could have figured a way of keeping you out of this. I've known right along I should, but—I simply couldn't help myself. You see, darling, I'm the sort who, when I want something badly enough, will tear down walls to get it. Helen once said I was a kid always crying for the moon. What would you call me?"

If I'd had any resentment in me it would have melted under the charm of that twisted smile, that disarming confession. Yet even later, thinking about it, I was to know that according to his lights Michael was sincere. . . .

The weeks slipped by and became a month. The strangest month of my life. Michael came to see me almost every night. He made ardent love to me, yet somehow he was gentle enough so that I was never frightened.

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Of course you did! But you can't wait 'til you're married to start. The time to help him is now—right now!

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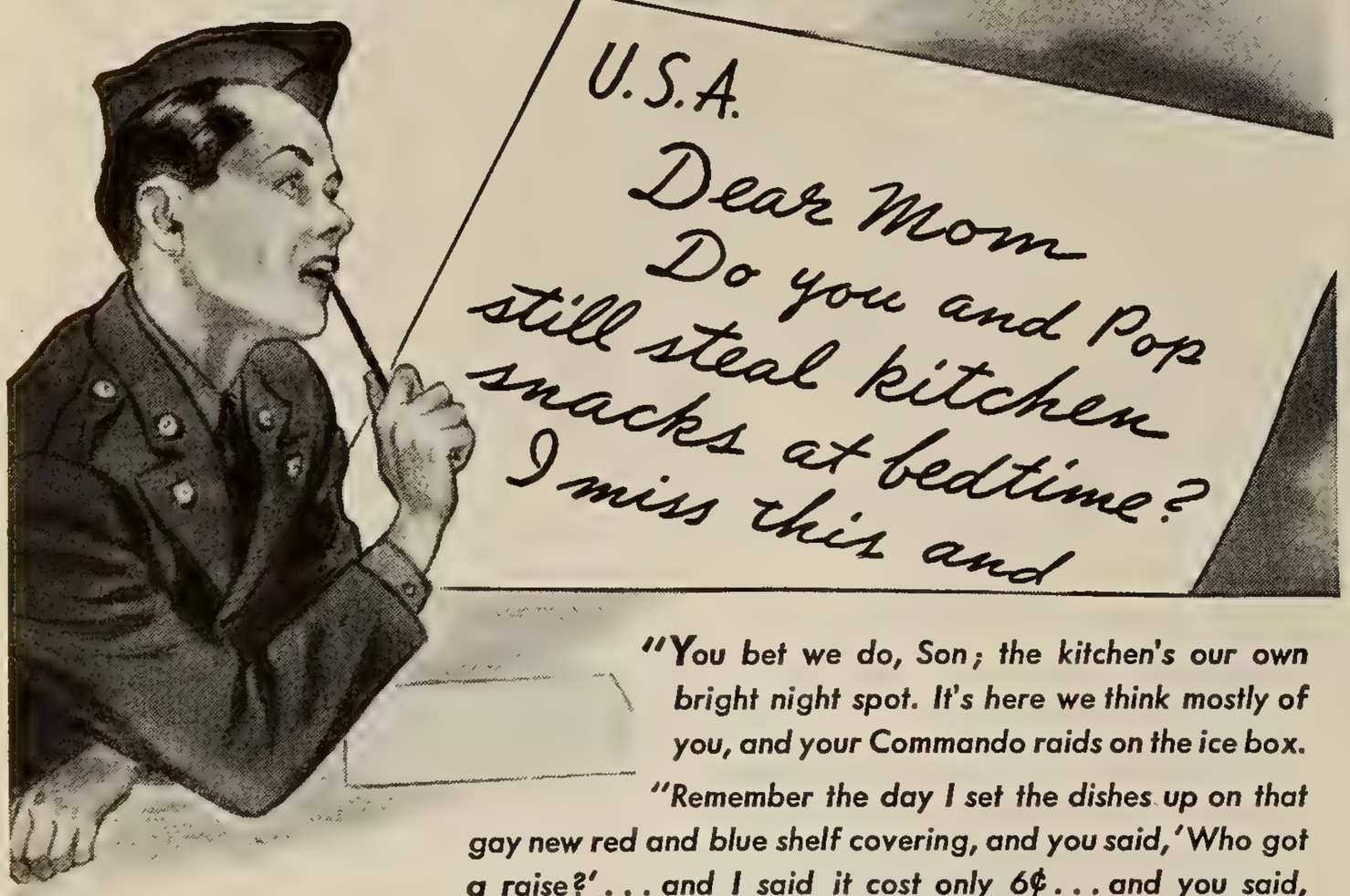

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Always in the back of my mind there was that divorce Michael had sworn to me that he would ask his wife to give him. I kept hoping for definite news of it, but it didn't come. There was always an excellent reason. Helen had the flu. She was in Washington. She was on the West Coast. She was visiting an airplane plant where a new bombsight was being tested. But by next week we'd be sure to have news. Next week, for sure . . .

The old restlessness returned, the old unhappiness. Sometimes I'd go home for a week-end visit, and the clean relaxed atmosphere of home was like fresh air and sunshine after darkness—I couldn't take it; it hurt. I'd run back quickly to my own place. To Michael's arms, to his more and more ardent lovemaking. I felt trapped.

Michael said he knew the cure for the state I was in. Love, and more love. He wanted me, as he put it, to take a chance on the future. "Gamble with me, darling. Forget those silly scruples about a marriage license—it's only a slip of paper!" And when I'd still keep him at arms' length, he began to sulk. I suppose for the first time in his adult life he wasn't getting what he wanted, and he did not know how to take it.

I SUPPOSE, too, that was what made him want me so much—so much he decided to stop at nothing. Maybe Helen was right—all his life Michael would be like a kid who could not bear not to have the moon. He'd climb beanstalks for it . . . Funny, but even now, thinking about it, I can't be bitter about it because I understand him. Michael never meant to hurt anybody.

Anyway, one night he burst into my apartment as excited as a child with a new toy. He had the answer to everything! The commanding officer of Camp Reading had sent for him, to supervise some work which must be done on the spot with tanksights. He said he had been hoping for some such break. While there, he would try to convince the army he ought to be given a commission—that as an expert he'd be more useful in uniform than out.

"You want to enlist?" I asked rather blankly, not seeing what that had to do with our difficulties. "But your plant . . ."

"Shucks! Helen can run the plant, you know that. It's—it's the divorce I'm thinking about, darling. Once in the army—well, it'll be up to me."

I still did not understand until he explained. "Army regulations on divorce are very specific. Only the man can get it. So . . ." He made it sound as if everything were already settled. "If Helen wants to be difficult"—this was the first time I heard Helen *was* being difficult—"we'll get around her this way. So pack your bags, sweet. Tomorrow we start on our honeymoon."

I tried to tell him that a honeymoon, for me, meant something very different. That it came *after* the wedding ceremony, not before. Michael laughed at me, he begged, he pleaded.

At last he convinced me. Don't ask me what exactly tripped the trigger, but something did. Maybe deep down I was beginning to see that this was the only way I could hold him.

I'm not proud of that decision. I'm not proud of the night I spent worrying, nor of the fact that with morning I still hadn't changed my mind. Instead, I tried, a little forlornly, to pretend the honeymoon would be just as

real . . . I packed carefully—my best nightie, my new mules and satin housecoat . . . Irrelevantly, in the midst of packing I thought, "Camp Redding. Kenny is at Camp Redding . . ." My heart was heavy.

Only when Michael came for me, only when he kissed me, did the heaviness lift. On the way, we stopped for a wedding ring, and on the train people smiled at me. Michael said, "See, they all know just by looking at you you're a bride!" And then, "Smile, darling. Don't look that way!" He flicked an eyelash from my cheek and at his touch I really did smile.

Then we were at the right station, and Michael was hunting for a cab. Waiting for him beside our bags, I thought I recognized one of the soldiers milling around the platform. Those shoulders could belong to no one but Kenny . . . I turned away quickly, preferring not to make sure.

Michael did things in style. There was a suite reserved for us. Once there, with the bell-boy gone, I felt a wave of panic. Eagerly, Michael caught me in his arms, and I fought him. He laughed tenderly. "My little sweetheart."

I SPARRED for time, and won. Michael thought he might as well go up to camp right away, get the business end of the trip over with. "In the meantime you can bathe, change, relax. And by the time I'm back, who knows—I may have some real news. *Then* won't you be ready to welcome me, darling! If it's good news," he was working himself up to a pitch of boyish excitement, "we'll celebrate, I promise you."

I did bathe and change, but I could not relax. What we were about to do seemed terribly shoddy. Suppose something went wrong and the divorce did *not* go through and my family found out. It would just about kill them. In a flash of honesty I added, yes, and it would just about kill me too.

An hour went by, and I was ready to scream. Another thirty minutes. How much longer until Michael came back? Like a kid in a nightmare I wanted him. Michael would convince me all over again this was not shoddy!

When at last I heard the door open, I almost wept with relief. "Michael! Oh Michael . . ." Only it wasn't Michael at all. It was Kenny!

There was a woman with him whom I did not know. Some sixth sense told me who she was, though, even before I heard her name. Before Kenny said. "Well, there she is, Mrs. Wayne. You talk to her. She'll listen."

She looked at me strangely—without anger, without malice. "So you're the girl," she said at last.

She sank into a chair opposite me, and suddenly, although she still sat very straight, although she held her hands tightly calm in her lap, she seemed to crumple, as a piece of paper is carelessly crumpled. When she spoke it was to herself, half aloud. "Maybe he means it this time. I'm afraid he means it. Oh, my God—" And then she caught herself, and was very still.

Helen Wayne. Michael's wife. Not at all the woman I had pictured. Not hard, not shrewish, certainly not middle-aged. A woman in her late thirties, with a strong, lovely, infinitely tired face. One thing she had said hammered at my mind. "Maybe he means it this time." *This time!* Had there been other times?

Kenny said in the silence, "Jan, I want you to understand . . . I wasn't

and I promised Mom—

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spying on you—but I saw you at the station, and afterwards, well, there must have been some misunderstanding because when I got to the C. O.'s office there was Mrs. Wayne. Seems both the Waynes had been sent for . . . After the conference about the tank-sights, Mr. Wayne had some other business with the commanding officer. So I just took a chance and brought Helen here."

No one answered him. He said, "Guess I'd better go and leave the two of you alone." He walked out and closed the door. I just stood there, unable to say a thing, unable to move.

I began to tremble. Helen Wayne noticed. She must have seen my eyes fixed hopefully on the door, for she said, "Don't wait for Michael—he isn't coming." Then her assurance broke. "At least, he's not coming until much later. Before I came into this room I could have sworn he wouldn't come at all. Now that I've seen you, I don't know."

Somehow that gave me courage. "Of course Michael's coming. He loves me and I love him. You know that. Why don't you give him a divorce? You can't hold him much longer. If you try, he'll only enlist and divorce you. That's what he's seeing the Commander about now . . ."

"You're telling me the truth, aren't you, Janice?"

IT was strange, her using my name. "Of course."

Suddenly her fine face crumpled and she went to pieces. She began to cry.

"I wish I'd had the courage to let him go long ago," she sobbed. "Then maybe I'd have found peace of sorts . . ." For a moment she seemed to forget me. "I could have stood it . . ."

She looked at me again, with a sort of detached curiosity. "Maybe I ought to be grateful to you for taking him from me. I think you have, you know. When I first came here I did *not* think so. I thought you were just another of his crushes." She smiled bitterly. "He gets them regularly, you know."

I could feel the blood flow slowly, agonizingly, up my neck and face and forehead. I wanted to drop through the floor to escape her words. "He gets them regularly . . ." Michael's wife said. "And just as regularly I fight. Don't ask me why, except that I love him. He's my man. Can you understand that?"

"Yes," I said. But I didn't, really. Love? Was this love, this naked torture a woman was going through? This denial of self? This saying without any pride at all, "It wasn't any accident that I turned up today at camp. I got suspicious when I heard about his trip and went after him. He likes being gone after. He likes being yanked back from the perilous edge of nowhere. That's why he's stayed married to me this long—because I keep all his other loves from overwhelming him . . ."

"Oh no," I whispered. "No . . ."

"Of course that's what I do. Only," she was relentless, "that will be your job now. For just about a year you'll be ideally happy. Then one day Michael won't come home . . . and you'll find him going after someone else . . . but if you're like me, if you use your head, you'll get him back."

"No," I whispered again.

"You might as well know what you're up against, Janice."

I shouted at her, "Stop it! I know perfectly well what you're up to! You're trying to scare me . . ." Then,

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suddenly, I was no longer shouting. I was saying humbly, "You've succeeded too . . . though that's not true, either. I was scared to begin with. I'm not going to fight for Michael. The truth is—I don't love him enough."

I said that without knowing whether or not it *was* the truth. All I wanted in that moment was to rid myself of the accusation that was Helen Wayne, sitting there humble and pleading, all her pride gone.

What had I felt for Michael that I had thought was love? The blindest kind of infatuation, childish worship, physical hunger. It had been all these things, but these were not enough . . .

Love—real love—was between him and Helen. It was she who belonged here with him in this room. Let me get out fast, so that when Michael came back, his wife would be the only one he'd find. And between them let them work out salvation—or disaster.

QUICKLY, without looking at this woman to whose burden of pain I had so needlessly added, I said, "Thanks for showing me what's real marriage, Helen. I'll try never to forget." Then I stuffed my things back into the bag I'd half unpacked and walked out.

On my way through the lobby towards the street, I looked around cautiously, afraid of meeting Michael. Luckily there was no sign of him. I wondered idly whether what Helen had said was true—that he really was waiting until he was sure she'd yanked him back from the perilous edge of nowhere. Or whether he'd miss me, blame her, and make her miserable. I'd never know.

A man's voice beside me said, "Taxi, lady?" and I jumped, because once Michael had used that phrase.

I said wearily, "Kenny, don't. Kenny, leave me alone. I want to crawl off by myself, Kenny. I feel so . . . dirty. How can I ever look you and the folks in the face again . . .?"

He just said, "You crawl right into this car." And took my bag. It was an Army car, and he said he was driving it to the depot. "We might as well kill two birds with one stone, Jan. We'll find out about trains home. That's what you want, isn't it—to go home?"

"Home?" I repeated. And then, "Yes, Kenny, home—Rosedale and Mom and Dad . . ."

And then I was crying, violently, against Kenny's shoulder. And he was holding me, there on Main Street in the parked car. He was saying, "There,

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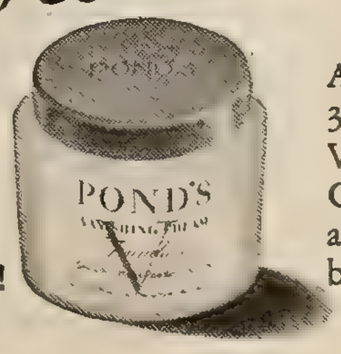

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hon, there, it's going to be all right."

I kept repeating, "Kenny, it was so awful, so awful. . . . That woman—she's so unhappy. She loves him so . . ."

"Yes," he said soberly, "I know." And he was very serious now, concentrating hard on the words he chose carefully, slowly. "That was why I brought her, instead of coming alone. I banked on your soundness, on your innate decency, Jan. I knew if you talked to her, you'd never go through with . . . taking away her man . . ."

It was the kindest, sweetest thing anyone had ever said to me. It was the only thing he could have said to help me make contact with my self-respect again. My decency, my soundness! Because Kenny believed in them, suddenly I myself began to believe they were still intact.

BUT Ken," I said shyly, "I'm going to need a lot of help to . . . to believe again. Can I count on you?"

"You can always count on me, Jan." He was back to short sentences, but I knew everything he meant.

I knew, because at last I was through with the sham of false romance. At last I understood what love was all about. It wasn't trembling and delight, but something solid, made of friendship and loyalty and common experiences that shaped two people. Of disappointments and — yes — compromise . . .

"Kenny . . ." I'd whispered his name without knowing.

"Yes, dear?"

"Nothing. It's just so good to know you're here."

For the first time that day I saw him grin. "This is more like it, Jan. You're making me wish I could get on that train with you and start talking . . . But I won't go AWOL, not even for you. And anyway, maybe you're not ready to listen. But you just wait till my next furlough comes along . . ."

We left it at that. Kenny was right—the time hadn't come yet to talk of what was in our hearts. Mine needed healing first. But when you're young and busy, you heal fast. I'm young. As for keeping busy, well, you can figure that out when I tell you I'm getting trained for another defense job, that'll keep me busy for the duration.

Kenny's furlough is in two weeks. I'm counting the days—fourteen to go. Then one night when I come home he'll be waiting on the porch. He'll say, "Well, Jan?" And I'll say, "Well, Ken . . ." And we'll be slow and shy about starting to talk. But we'll say what we want to say, in time.

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A Dream to Share

Continued from page 47

dress. When she came down again, she would look almost like her old self, like the gay, if rather flighty, girl who'd married Steven. Her high heels would carry her out of the house in little dancing steps, with a breath of perfume and a flash of summer pastels and a backward wave for me. "Evelyn, darling, I'll be home for dinner—"

Whether she went out or stayed at home during the day, she was invariably irritable at night, and the three of us would have an uncomfortable dinner, with Isabel visiting her pettishness on either Steven or me, or on both of us. Steven was patient with her. He ignored her small thrusts; no matter how tired he was, he always asked her if she wanted to go out for the evening. Isabel usually refused, and sat idly turning the pages of a magazine, or listening to dance music on the radio.

I TOOK to going to bed early to avoid witnessing the scene which always put a period to the evening. Isabel would yawn and rise, and Steven would hastily put down his book or his paper and get up to kiss her goodnight. The kiss would land on her cheek as Isabel turned her head to avoid it. I could not bear the look on Steven's face at those times—his eyes suddenly bleak and lonely.

Long after Isabel had gone to her room—we no longer thought of it as the guest room at all, but as Isabel's permanently—and long after I had gone to bed to lie stiff and wakeful in the darkness, I could hear Steven below stairs, moving aimlessly through the silent rooms. I knew when he went to the window and stood looking out—for hours, it seemed; I knew when he climbed the stairs, paused at the top for a long moment, and then with a slow step turned into his own empty room.

In spite of the warmth and fragrance of the summer night, there would be a coldness in the household. I kept remembering the lost, lonely look on Steven's face, the—yes, the animosity—of Isabel's, and I would lie awake for hours sometimes, longing to drive away the chill and the unhappiness which pervaded the place, and knowing that I was powerless to do it.

On the morning that I inadvertently overheard a part of one of Isabel's telephone conversations, I began to suspect that more than mere childishness and self-indulgence was behind the atmosphere she had created in the house. Usually I was upstairs with Gregory while Isabel telephoned; this morning I had returned to the kitchen for a forgotten bottle cap, when a few words of Isabel's froze my hand on the banister and my foot on the stair. "Oh—we'll say Brighton City, Miles."

Her voice was exultant, flirtatious, provocative—and conspiratorial. A few words, but Isabel's tone, and the name —Miles. Quietly I retreated up the stairs, not wanting to admit even to myself that there was reason for stealth, that Isabel would not have wanted to be overheard. Miles—there was another part to the name, a part I had known once and had long since forgotten. Then Gregory demanded my attention, and some cautious shutter of my mind closed down over all possibility of remembering the rest of the name.

I had forgotten the incident completely when a few days later the lack

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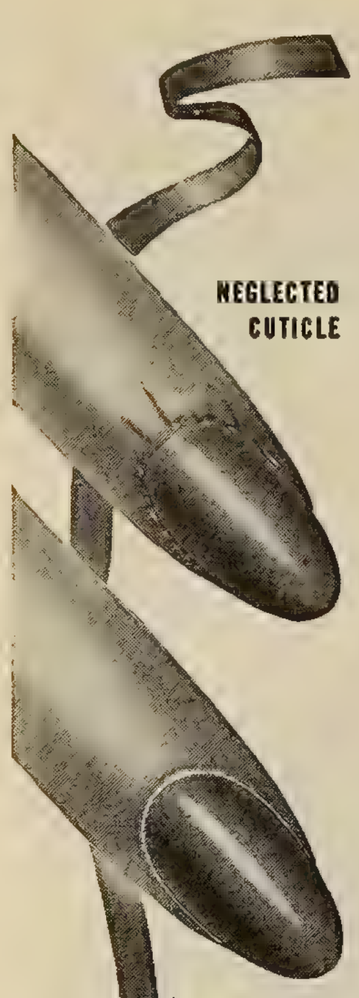

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of a skein of yarn took me downtown at an hour when I was ordinarily at home. I had been knitting an afghan for Gregory's crib, concentrating on it in order to refrain from thinking of all of the things which troubled me in this unhappy household, when I ran out of rose yarn. Suddenly the acquiring of that bit of wool became terribly important—I was determined, in the midst of my failure to cope with bigger problems, to finish as much of the afghan as I had allotted myself for the afternoon. Isabel was out, lunching with her women's bridge club group, and I called Mrs. Ames in from next door to stay with Gregory.

The yarn shop is on Eighth Street, in the heart of the city, and above it on the second floor is the Chez Nous, the one expensive and "intimate" little restaurant our town has to offer. At the street, its entrance is parallel to that of the yarn shop. I came out of the shop, my skein of yarn tucked safely in my bag, turned left, and nearly collided with a couple who had just turned right into the sidewalk from the Chez Nous entrance.

"I beg your pardon," I began, and stopped. The woman was Isabel, and the man—I remembered now the last part of the name I'd heard the other day. Miles Forsythe. Before her marriage to Steven, Miles Forsythe had squired Isabel around for two or three years; they had quarreled, and he had been out of town when she had met and married Steven. It was all clear now, terribly clear—the liveliness of Isabel's voice during her morning telephoning, her assiduous attendance of the "bridge parties" and "luncheons with the girls."

ISABEL saw me. In the instant in which we met and passed, I saw a flash of shock, of dismay in her eyes, and then, as I did not speak—I could not—her face went blank, and like strangers we went our opposite ways.

She returned home early—about an hour after I reached there. It had been a wretched hour for me, during which I fought to remain calm, to think things through, to resist the impulse to pack my grip and flee the house forever.

Isabel was shaken but defiant. "What brought you downtown, Evelyn?"

I had picked up the afghan to give my trembling hands something to do. I did not look up from it to answer her. "Does it matter?"

"I suppose not. Do you intend to tell Steven?"

"You ought to know me better than that." Then my anger and disgust erupted in my voice. "I want nothing to do with it! I wish I hadn't seen you! You are playing the oldest, cheapest trick in the world upon a fine man!"

She whitened at that, and her eyes went hard with fury, and, as she stared at me, with something else, too—with a sudden shrewd, intuitive knowledge. When she spoke, her tone was controlled, almost amused. "No, you wouldn't tell on me, Evelyn. You wouldn't tell, and I know why. You wouldn't like to see Steven hurt, would you—because you're in love with him yourself."

I didn't deny it. I couldn't.

Her eyes narrowed. She seemed to be pondering. "Do you intend to leave us, Evelyn?"

She didn't give me time to answer. "I don't think you do," she said. "If you left suddenly, Steven might wonder and suspect that I had something to do with it. I wouldn't want that, and neither would you."

Again she stopped, waiting for me to

speak. But even then I didn't see what she was driving at.

"You wouldn't want that," she went on, "because then I'd have to tell Steven the truth—that you'd left because you were in love with him."

She was safe enough. I was trapped. Of course I did not want Steven to know that I loved him, and to pity me for it. That would have been the final humiliation.

"I won't leave right away," I told her coldly, "but you'll have to find someone else—really, seriously try to find someone. I don't want to stay any longer."

"No, under the circumstances I should think you wouldn't." I flinched at the mockery in her laughter. "I'll look for someone, Evelyn—next week, after I come back from Brighton City." Her eyes twinkled wickedly. "I'm going there at the end of this week to visit a girl I used to know in school. I'm glad you're staying a while. I don't know whom else I'd get to take care of Gregory."

SHE whirled on her high heels and ran lightly up the stairs.

I stared after her with growing horror, slowly realizing the meaning of what she had just said. Brighton City—Brighton City was the place Isabel had mentioned when I'd heard her talking to Miles on the telephone! I knew then that she was not going to visit a friend she'd known in school. Steven's wife was spending the week-end with Miles.

The next few days I cannot bear to remember, even now. There was Steven, big, trusting Steven, unhappy but still believing that things would somehow come out right. There was Isabel, and there was I, who was helping her—however passively—to deceive him. Sometimes I wondered if I ought to tell him, and then I remembered Isabel's threat, and I knew that I could not, no matter what was right and what was wrong. A woman is unhappy enough in loving a man who doesn't love her, but the knowledge that her feeling may make him uncomfortable and embarrassed, and—worse—that he pities her—that she cannot endure. I was so ashamed for Isabel and for myself that I could not meet Steven's eyes, could not speak to him with the old easy camaraderie.

I was glad when Friday came and Isabel packed her bag and taxied to the station to take the train for—well, supposedly for Brighton City. Whatever her destination, I was glad that she was gone, that I would be alone for a while with time to think.

I didn't count—and certainly Isabel had not counted—on Steven's calling shortly after she left to say that if she had not already gone, he would take her to the train himself. "I've got to meet the mother of one of my boys," he said. "She's coming in on the noon train, and he's tied up on a job."

"Isabel's already left, Steven," I said, while my mind struggled to sort the tangle of events. The noon train! Isabel's train was to leave around noon; Steven could hardly miss seeing her. And if she were with Miles, as I was sure she was. . . .

"Steven," I offered breathlessly, "can't I meet the train for you? I mean, you probably don't want to leave work—"

"You, Evelyn! Why in the world should you? After all, this man works for me—"

I might have found a stronger reason, had I had time to think. As it was, I said feebly, "Well, it's a nice day, and

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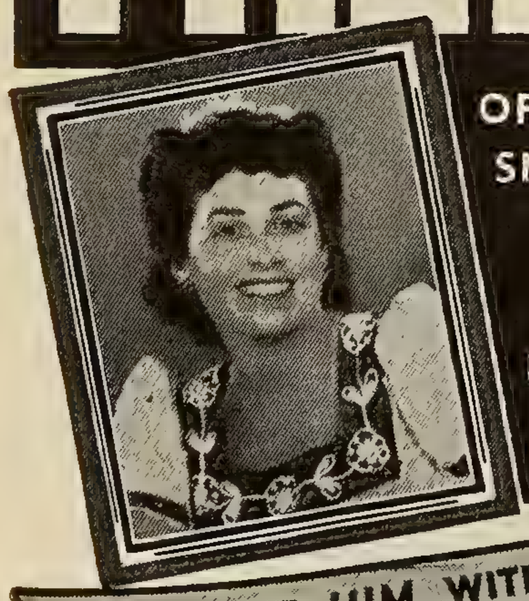

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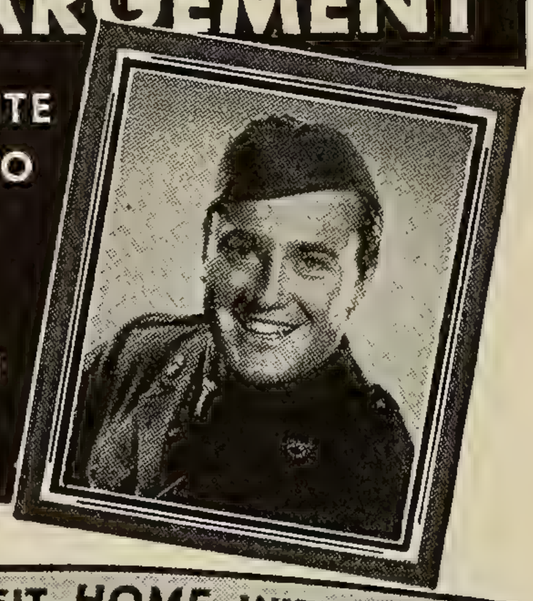

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I'd like to get out for a while. And I wouldn't mind meeting her—"

"Oh, Evelyn!" His hearty laugh roared over the wire. "Go out if you want to, but do it up right. Leave Greg with Mrs. Ames, and use the whole day for yourself, for a change. But let me take care of this errand."

Then he hung up, and I was left to wait in a paralysis of dread and half-hope that time would pass safely by without anything happening.

But I didn't wait long. Not three-quarters of an hour later there was the sound of a motor outside, Steven's step on the walk, and then Steven himself stood in the doorway. The light was behind him so that I could not see his face; he was only a powerful black shadow against a background of porch and green lawn, a menacing shadow. He took a step into the room. His voice was quiet, too quiet, a dead voice. "I found out why you wanted to meet the train, Evelyn."

THERE was nothing to say. Nothing at all. Then he turned a little, and I saw his face, saw the suffering in it, and the misery. Involuntarily I rose, went toward him. "Steven, oh, Steven—" My heart was in my voice, and all of the love and comfort I had so longed to give him.

"Evelyn—" His blue eyes were black, and in just that one word he shut me away from him completely, said that I was not worthy of being in his world. "How long have you been at this, Evelyn? How long have you been helping to—to—"

I could not defend myself. I was guilty, and there was no use. Some last bit of pride made me turn without speaking, sent me upstairs to the nursery. I packed quickly, my numb brain somehow sending messages to my flying hands, telling them what to do.

I picked up my bag, went quietly down the stairs. I was crossing the hall when I heard a tattoo of high heels on the porch, and Isabel burst through the doorway. At sight of me, her already furious little face went livid, and I thought for a moment that she was going to throw herself at me.

"You!" she screamed. "You thought you'd show me up, did you? You guessed that I was going with Miles, and you fixed it so Steven would see me with his own eyes—"

"Isabel!" I exclaimed, and then, in an attempt to stem the tide of her hysteria —"Isabel, shut up!"

"I won't shut up!" Her strident voice raced on. "What did you think you'd gain by exposing me? You and your

WARNING

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precious, secret sneaking love for my husband! Did you think you'd win him by—"

"Isabel!" This voice did silence her, and it turned my whole being cold. Steven. I thought he had long since left the house. He came through the living room doorway, took Isabel by the shoulders, shook her roughly. "Be quiet, Isabel!"

I left the house then, ashamed, beaten, humiliated as I had never been humiliated before.

The week that followed was the most miserable I had ever known. I had no heart for the ordinary interests of life, no energy to look for a job, to attempt to pick up the pieces of the life I had known before. I tried only not to think, tried to forget the look on Steven's face, the flaying of Isabel's tongue.

Late one afternoon I was sitting at the window, staring out at the shadowy lawn lighted by a few bars of fading sun which cut through the trees. On just such a twilight Steven had come up the walk a few short months ago—Steven, with his free gait and the sunlight turning his hair to copper. . . .

THEN I saw that Steven *was* coming up the walk as he had come before, and I thought that my imagination was tricking me, that I was dreaming the old dream I had dreamed for so long. But there was his step on the porch, and his voice calling, softly but urgently, "Evelyn, Evelyn—"

I went to the door. Steven was real enough, and the words he was saying were more wonderful than any dream.

"I'm not coming in, Evelyn. I've come to take you with me, to take you home, if you will come," he said humbly. "Evelyn, can you forgive me?"

"Steven—" I put out my hand, touched his bent head. "Steven, what—what do you mean?"

He caught my hand, pressed it to his cheek. "I mean that I love you, and that I was too blind to realize it until today. Until today I didn't realize how much meaning you'd put into my life, how empty it had been before—"

"But, Isabel—" I said faintly.

He raised his head, looked at me with the eyes of a man who has suffered too much and who has at last seen the end of suffering. "Isabel and Miles have gone away together, not for a weekend, but for good. And I did nothing to stop them. It's better that way. Miles belongs to the kind of life she likes. I've known for a long time that she wasn't happy with me, but I felt that it was up to her to make the first move. You see, Evelyn—" His hands were on my shoulders, and his eyes held mine, entreating me to understand, to believe. "You see, Evelyn, I might have made a scene in the station today, for the sake of my pride, to let her know that the game was up. But I couldn't. It didn't matter that much. All I could think of was that you had failed me. I know now, from the scene Isabel made at home, that you were forced— Oh, Evelyn, please say you'll forgive me!"

"Forgive you," I murmured. "Forgive you, Steven—" As in a dream I heard his next words.

"I'm moving out of the house until Isabel gets her divorce. Someone will have to be there to care for it and for Gregory, and there's just one person who can do it, one person who belongs there. Evelyn, will you come home now? Will you come home and take care of Gregory—and wait for me?"

As in a dream I felt his arms around me, heard myself crying, "Will I? Oh, Steven, Steven, Steven. . . ."

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1 Well, she was blue . . . and lonely, too . . . for men thought she looked older than a glamour girl should . . . and stayed away! But 'twas all because her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance. It added years to her age . . . 'cause the colors were dead and lifeless . . . so her skin looked old. Poor girl!

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KEEP NEAT WITH...

I'll Wait Forever

Continued from page 39

dread, "if you're lucky enough to be able to fight for it."

"But you're fighting! Just as much as the boys with the guns. You're giving them something to fight with—horses for the cavalry and—"

He laughed harshly. "That's just words and you know it. I feel like a slacker stuck up here playing nursemaid to a lot of four-legged beasts, and trying to keep house and cook—work that any halfwit could do. Don't try to sell me any stuff about being the man behind the man behind the gun, because I'm not!" He sent his cigarette arcing out into the blackness with a sudden, violent gesture and turned in the saddle to face me. When he spoke again, his voice was quieter. "I'm sorry, Ann. I shouldn't snarl at you like that. I guess I've become a boor along with everything else. I was a boor not to see you before we left, not to write, or anything. I don't know why you want to see me any more—why you wanted to come up here."

"I think you know," I said unsteadily. "I came because I love you. But it looks as if you didn't love me any more. . . ." I turned my horse and started him back down the trail.

Instantly Ross was beside me, his hand on the reins. I could see his dark eyes blazing under the shadow of the big-brimmed hat. "Don't say that! Don't ever think it. I'll always love you, Ann—more than anything. But I won't see you tie yourself down to a guy like I am now. I don't believe in what I'm doing—I don't seem to believe in anything any more. When that doctor said what he did up in Phoenix, something went out of me and I'm empty. I'm no good to you, myself, or anybody."

"But, darling, *I* believe in you. Remember what you said about our faith in each other? That's still there—"

He shook his head. "You say that because you feel sorry for me. Just like what you said the other day, about our getting married now. Well, I won't take pity, and that's final! And I wish you wouldn't come up here again. I can't see you any more until I know where I am and what I am—besides a worthless heel!"

And he dug his boot into the horse's flank and was off down the steep trail as if a devil were after him.

After a while I followed, slowly, picking my way in more ways than one. It wasn't faith in me that Ross had lost. It was faith in himself. Somehow I had to give it back to him. I had to make him see I still believed in him for himself alone and not for what he did. Somehow . . . By the time I got back to the corral where he was waiting to unsaddle, I knew what I must do.

The next afternoon I asked Ross to drive me down to Rincon Corners. It was just a weatherbeaten store at the crossroads, where neighboring ranchers called for their mail and bought a few supplies. It was the only place in miles that boasted a telephone.

We bounced along on the rough road, making conversation, carefully avoiding any reference to last night. When we got to the Corners I left Ross outside and went in alone. I made two telephone calls to town—one to my mother, the other to my boss.

On the way back to the ranch I said casually, "I just called my mother and asked her to send me some clothes. And I also called Mr. Ackers and gave up my job at the store. I'm going to stay up here, Ross."

The truck swerved violently. "You're going to what? Ann, are you crazy?"

"I know what I'm doing," I said serenely. "And it won't be showing old-fashioned Western hospitality if you try to send me back. In these parts, pardner," I drawled in an imitation of Buck Turner, "a visitor stays till he's ready to go."

Ross didn't laugh. He just looked tight-lipped and grim. "If you think you'll change anything by staying, you're wrong. I meant what I said last night. And another thing. You're not going to like it up here. The shack was swell for weekends, but living in it day after day is something else—heat and flies and no conveniences—"

"You can't scare me," I said and laughed. "I've got pioneer blood."

WELL, I needed it during those next few weeks. Day after day, the sun beat down on that unprotected little adobe house until even the furniture was hot to the touch. The sun glared ceaselessly until your eyes ached from it, and there was no shade anywhere except the meager strips under the mesquite along the dry-washes in the hills. It was so hot at noon, even the lizards didn't move.

Ross was up at four-thirty every morning—and so was I. I fixed his breakfast—flapjacks and bacon and coffee. He was gone all day, working at Buck's place, and home again ravenous for his supper at six. I spent hours in the stifling little kitchen preparing our meals in a blasting heat that made even the outside seem cool—for a moment. And I thought wistfully of the air-conditioned bookstore in town, of ice-cold lemonade, of fresh, cool linen dresses.

Mrs. Coleman was wonderful. She was so glad to have me there, and she helped all she could, never complaining. Not even when the sandstorms came and covered our clean house and everything in it with a fine coating of grit mixed with tiny particles of cactus.

I didn't complain either. I would have endured a thousand more discomforts to prove my faith in Ross. Only by showing it to him, every day in little ways, would he ever come to believe in himself again. On that I pinned all my hopes. If this didn't work—then nothing would.

We were seldom alone. Hard at work all day and exhausted by the heat, we kept early hours. And the few leisure times we had, he seemed almost to avoid me. Sometimes I felt him watching me with a look I couldn't read.

NEXT MONTH:
SEE YOUR FRIENDS OF
SNOW VILLAGE
IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Was it smouldering resentment under that expression? Was I driving him further from me? I didn't know and I didn't dare ask. All I did know was that he was like a stranger to me—this man whose kiss could send my pulses pounding and who once had seemed to share every thought and feeling.

Late one Sunday afternoon Buck drove over for supper. Afterwards the three of us sat out in front of the house, feeling the relief that always came with sundown. Buck rolled himself a cigarette and broke the long silence.

"I've been thinking, Ross. You ought to be in business for yourself. What's the use in your working over on my place, breaking horses, when you could just as easy be selling them to the government yourself? I reckon I'm a plumb fool for talking myself out of a prime hand this way, but—"

"THANKS, Buck. I appreciate your thinking of it like that. But when we get this last bunch ready to turn over, I'm quitting. I'm going away."

It was like a heavy, cold weight had suddenly been laid over my heart. "Going away!" I cried. "But—but where?"

"I reckon it doesn't matter much, does it? Both of you have been swell but—it just didn't work. I'm sick of this place, sick of doing something that doesn't make any sense. I've got to get away!" A desperate urgency drove behind the words, like a man goaded by defeat beyond endurance.

"What are you figgering on doing, son?" Buck said quietly.

"I don't know. Anything! I'll put Mother back at the boarding house where she'll be happier and sell this place and just clear out."

"Sell this place? Why, boy, you can't do that. This land belonged to your father, it belongs to you—and you belong to it."

"I don't belong anywhere! When you've lost your place in the world, land doesn't mean anything."

I got up. I was trembling. "Then you're a quitter!" I said. "You couldn't do what you wanted to, so you won't do anything. You'd rather just become a bum than—than fight."

He looked at me then for the first time. The desperate recklessness in his face was frightening. "Calling names won't get you anywhere. Ann, I told you a long time ago you were free of me. You didn't believe me. You thought you'd change things by staying up here. Well, you haven't. I won't let you marry a failure and that's what I am." His voice rose. "I can't stand seeing you here, having you near—and knowing I can't have you. I can't stand it, I tell you—"

"Wait a minute." Buck's voice drowned out the last words. *"What's that?"*

We looked where he was pointing and we all three froze—like children playing a game of "statues." Half a mile away, a pin-point of light was flickering low against the earth. Even as we looked, it seemed to leap upward and the short, stubby arms of a cholla were outlined in flame against the sky.

"Brush fire!" Ross yelled. And the sound of that dread phrase sent a thrill of terror through me. With the dryness, with the wind, the whole desert would soon be in flames. The house would go, the windmill with its precious water, everything—

"Ann, get brooms and as many gunny sacks as you can find. Get 'em wringing wet and bring 'em to the water wagon. Buck, there're tubs and buckets in the saddle shed. . . ."

Both men were running before the words were out of his mouth. In the house I gathered the sacks the feed had come in and soaked them in the water-bucket standing at the back of the stove. I answered Mrs. Coleman's frightened call. "Just a little brush fire," I said. And inwardly I was saying, "Now Ross *will* go. There'll be nothing to hold him now if this place burns. . . ."

I ran out to where Ross was backing the truck out of its shed. Buck was loading heavy washtubs in the back. I jumped on the running board. We tore along the rutted, sandy road. The fire had made incredible headway in that short time. Flames leaped from one dry clump to another.

"Spread out and start beating," Ross ordered as we jumped from the truck. "I'll fill the tubs from the tank." Automatically he had taken command and automatically Buck and I obeyed.

I GRABBED up a gunnysack, heavy with water and began to beat at a clump of cactus. It hissed under the blows and began to smoke. I ran to the next. Somewhere to my right I could see Buck flailing with both hands. I ran back to the truck, dipped the sack again. Ross was nowhere to be seen. I could hear him shouting through the smoke—a sort of wordless, angry cry.

Spines from the cactus clung to the sack, and thence to my hands, digging in cruelly. I paid no heed. How many times I ran back to wet my sacks, how many countless blows I struck, I'll never know. All I knew was that the flames were everywhere—you thought you had one place out and then dis-

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covered a new patch of fire spreading behind you. Slowly, inexorably, we were being beaten back. None of the flames were high—they crept along the ground in a thousand tiny tongues.

I looked back. Buck was moving the truck. That meant we'd been forced to beat a retreat, inch back toward the house. If it got there, we were lost.

I HEARD Ross's voice, saw his smoke-begrimed face close to me. "Good girl!" he yelled. "We'll get it yet!" Then he was gone again, and I heard only his voice, calling encouragement.

It seemed hours. It seemed days. Smoke half-blinded me and my breath came in gasps. Finally Buck called, "Looks like we're done, Ross. Better take the truck back and get your mother—we'll get out the north trail. . . ."

Then I heard something that filled me with the fiercest pride I've ever known. It was Ross' answering shout. "We're *not* done! Keep on fighting. Wait—I'll show you . . ." He leaped for the truck. He opened the spigot on the water tank and a trickle ran from it to the ground. He jumped behind the wheel, started the motor. Then he wheeled it directly into the fire.

"You crazy fool! Come back here," Buck cried. "If that fire gets to your gasoline—"

Ross waved one arm exultantly. "It's the only way. Keep Ann back!"

He drove the truck blindly through everything that stood in his way, up and down, up and down, in *front* of the fire. The trickle of water hissed on the flames, soaked the ground. As Ross wheeled and turned and plowed ahead, slowly the space of moistened earth widened, slowly—almost unbelievably—the flames were checked into impotent smouldering.

I stood beside Buck, waiting for any new outbreak. None came.

Finally Ross brought the truck to a stop beside us. He climbed out and grinned at us. I hadn't seen him look like that in weeks. Buck slapped him on the back.

"You did it, son! You fought and you won."

"Yep, we fought and we won." Then he stopped, and the grin slowly faded. He turned to me and grabbed my hands. "Ann, you hear that? I *fought* and I won. This land was mine and I believed in it and so I fought for it. It ought to be like that with everything—like you've been saying. No matter what it is—an ideal, a person—if it's yours enough to fight for it, then you believe in that and you believe in yourself." His eyes widened as the full impact of his words struck him, and he gazed at me hungrily as if he hadn't seen me for a long, long time. "Glory!" he said. "I feel good!"

And then we were clinging together, oblivious of Buck, of smoke and grime and blistered hands. Oblivious of everything but that we two had found each other again.

After a long time Buck cleared his throat. "Reckon we better get back to your mother. She's likely to be worrying . . ."

Ross bundled us into the truck, with me close beside him. "Reckon we ought," he shouted happily. "And I'm going to take up that little suggestion of yours, Buck, I'm going to start in the horse raising business for myself. If you'll just do one little thing for me. If you'll be best man at my wedding. My wedding *tomorrow.*" He looked down at me. "Okay, Ann?"

"Okay," I said happily. And we drove up to our house.

If Love Were All

Continued from page 27

this afternoon, since there's no repair work to do."

Not even in my thoughts did I add that I had been afraid of another bitter quarrel if I showed any opposition to Gene's leaving.

I was glad that a car drove up just then, but not so glad when the customer proved to be Mrs. Chandler. She was a strange old lady, who lived on a farm but drove to town nearly every day. I had never met her, but once Gene had pointed her out to me, and there was no danger of forgetting that weatherbeaten face whose wrinkles contrasted so startlingly with the deep, dull black of her hair.

"Well, young woman," she greeted me tartly when I came up to the car, "are you in charge here today?"

I mustered a smile and said that Gene was in town, and she sniffed.

"A good thing for him that he is. After what he said to me one night last week, I swore I'd never come in here again. But I can't stand those la-di-da stations in town, so thought I'd give him another chance and see if he'd learned better manners . . . Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you," I said, and watched her while she stuck one into her wide mouth, flipped her thumb-nail against a big kitchen match, lit up and puffed vigorously.

THE car was as ancient as she was—a big, top-heavy Cadillac with a gas-tank top that hissed air at you as you took it off. It was new to me, and in my nervousness and inexperience I fumbled so that she got out of the car and showed me what to do, grumbling under her breath and holding her lighted cigarette between her lips in reckless disregard of the danger that she might blow us both up.

Yet, somehow, I liked her. In spite of her eccentricity and gruffness, I felt that she was kind. And she smiled suddenly, showing incredibly even teeth. "You're probably thinking that if I had any sense I'd get rid of this old disgrace and buy myself a decent car," she said. "Well, you're right."

She kept me busy for the next ten minutes, checking oil and tires and putting distilled water in the battery. Just before she drove away, she eyed me keenly and remarked:

"You tell that hot-headed young husband of yours he's lucky to have you for a wife. . . . So long."

When she'd left, with a great clashing of gears, I felt better. I didn't know exactly why, then, but now I think that without my realizing it she must have given me some of her own courage and philosophy. Just by looking at her, listening to her talk, you knew that life hadn't been easy for her but she'd always stood up to it and given as good as she'd taken.

It was easier, the next time Gene left me at the station alone, to accept the fact that he needed a few hours of freedom: freedom from the station and, perhaps, from me.

This was a lesson I guessed every wife had to learn—that love and a home may be enough for a woman, but they are not enough for a man. I always tried to remember that when Gene was irritable, and on the increasingly frequent occasions when he was gone all afternoon.

It seemed to me that Gene had a good reason for being irritable, too.

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We just weren't making much money. The profit on gasoline and oil wasn't large, when you didn't sell any more of it than we did; and the repair jobs didn't come in. I couldn't understand why. Gene was clever; he could find out the trouble with any car and put it right, but these days the repair shop was empty more often than it was full. So when Gene said, "I'm going uptown for a while—if I don't get away from here I'll go crazy," I couldn't help sympathizing.

Until I found out, quite by accident, why there was so little repair work for him to do.

It was early afternoon, and I'd just come downstairs and gone into the tiny office, moving quietly on my rubber-soled shoes. I didn't know where Gene was at the moment, but then I heard his voice coming through the half-open door into the shop.

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Littleton," he was saying curtly. "But I've got my hands full and I wouldn't be able to finish your job up for a couple of days. Better not count on me."

After a silence that I somehow sensed was incredulous, an older man said in tense irritation, "All right, Gorman, if that's the way you feel about it." Heavy footsteps crunched the gravel as the unseen speaker moved away.

AFTER a moment I went to the shop door and looked in. Gene was beside the work-bench, lighting a cigarette. Even to my amateur's eyes, it was obvious that there was no work there for him to do.

Still I couldn't believe—not even when Gene's face became guarded as he looked up and saw me standing there. I said in bewilderment, "You—you weren't turning down a job, were you, Gene?"

He flipped the match onto the littered and greasy floor. "If you could call it one," he said in a voice that was meant to be careless but sounded strained and defiant instead.

"But—I don't understand, Gene."

"Littleton wanted me to adjust the brakes on that old heap of his. I'd fuss all afternoon on the job and he'd think he was being overcharged if I wanted a dollar. It isn't worth it, that's all."

I was beginning to know the Gene that was speaking now—a hard Gene, one ready and even anxious for a quarrel, confident that in one he would be the victor. But I found courage in myself, too.

"It seems to me it's better to earn even a dollar than nothing at all," I said. "Particularly when things are so bad."

"Sure, it seems that way to you—but you don't have to do the work."

"Gene, that isn't fair! I do my share by coming down here and waiting on customers so you won't be interrupted in the shop."

"That's about the least you *could* do." He was almost shouting now. "Just remember that I wouldn't be stuck here now if it hadn't been for you and Tim!"

There it was again—the same thinly veiled insult he had thrown at me in our first quarrel. I couldn't believe it—and yet I understood perfectly. I knew, beyond any hope of deluding myself, what was in Gene's mind. He was sorry that he was married to me. He resented being tied down, and he resented Tim and me because between us we had imprisoned him.

He could never have loved me, very much. Probably, left to himself, he would never have asked me to marry

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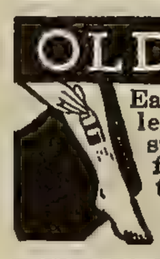

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him. I remembered, with bitter clarity, that he had never once mentioned marriage until after Tim had brought matters to a head by offering us his share of the inheritance.

I sank back against the rough plank wall, my hands pressing against it to support myself. I couldn't speak. Gene flung the cigarette on the floor and ground it out under his heel, then went out without saying a word. I heard his car start up with a roar, and knew that he had gone uptown.

It was over. Our marriage was over. It had to be, if Gene meant what he'd said—and he must have meant it, for he'd said it twice. Oh, both times he had spoken in anger, but I couldn't make myself believe that made any difference. The love which meant so much to me was only a burden to him, and that was intolerable. When he came back I'd tell him I was leaving him. . . .

Someone in a trim tan uniform stepped off the highway and came toward me—someone who smiled and saluted with a brisk military flourish.

"Tim!"

"Corporal Gorman to you," he said.

I WAS so amazed by the suddenness of his appearance that I could not stammer the first words that came into my mind: "But you—you look so *different!* I hardly recognized you."

Laughing, he said, "It's the uniform."

But that wasn't true. It wasn't just the uniform. He was no longer the slow-moving, diffident, slightly stooped Tim I'd always known. He carried himself with a proud assurance, as if he knew at last where he was going in the world, and why.

He'd received an unexpected three-day leave, he explained, along with his promotion to Corporal, and had come home to see how Gene and I were.

"Gene's uptown," I said, and added quickly, "on business. He'll be so glad to see you!"

"No gladder than I'll be to see him." He looked around the station and then at me, and a puzzled little frown appeared between his eyes. "Don't tell me you're waiting on trade—I thought you had a kid to do that."

It might not be easy, I realized, to hide things from Tim. He was quick and observant. I said lightly, "Oh, we did have one, but we didn't really need him. And I like to take care of the place when Gene has to be away for an hour or two."

Tim made no comment, but a few minutes later, when a car drove up, he said firmly, "I'll wait on 'em. Didn't anybody ever tell you gasoline was bad for the hands?"

In one way, I was very glad to have him busy for a few minutes. I hurried to the telephone and called Burger's. Gene was there, as I had expected.

"Hello?" He was cold and pointedly non-committal.

"Gene—Tim just got here. He has a three-day leave. Will you be home soon?" I could be non-committal too.

"Oh." Just that—flatly. Then—"All right. I'll be there pretty soon."

I hung up, frowning, hoping that Gene would say or do nothing to disturb Tim or spoil his visit.

But I needn't have worried. Gene arrived fifteen minutes later, and was all smiles when he saw Tim—joking admiringly about the uniform and the new stripes, asking about life at camp, insisting that Tim stay with us throughout his leave. Tim was doubtful about this last.

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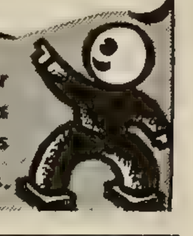

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"Well, I don't know," he said. "It'll be sort of—I mean, I don't like to make a lot of trouble for you."

"It won't be," I backed Gene up, for now that he had suggested it I saw what a blessing it would be to have Tim here for a little while. With him in the house, we couldn't go back to our quarrel. We would have to pretend that everything was as it should be—and I realized how much I wanted that, even though it was only a pretense. "You can sleep on the couch in the living room," I said.

I tried not to let happiness steal back into my heart. But while we were talking to Tim, Gene had put his arm carelessly, lightly, around my shoulders. Had it been his way of telling me he was sorry? Or had it only been for his brother's benefit?

THE night before Tim left, while Gene was downstairs servicing a car, Tim said, "You don't know how good it makes me feel to see you and Gene so happy together, Arda."

I glanced at him, afraid he'd sensed something wrong. "I'm glad, Tim," was all I said.

"I always figured Gene was the sort of kid that needed a wife to—well, sort of to set him square with himself," Tim went on thoughtfully. "He's always been too full of energy—not lazy, ever, but he'd see so many things he wanted to do he'd never stick long enough at one of them to get anywhere. And he's so smart, it'll be easy for him to do almost anything, once he puts his mind to it."

"And I suppose you couldn't?"

"I can," he said, "but I have to work for it."

"Maybe you need a wife, too."

"No," he answered slowly and rather gravely. "No, I don't think so. I don't need anything to settle *me* down. The Army's better—it's *un*settling," he concluded, once more half-laughing.

After Tim had gone, I thought over what he'd said. Perhaps he *had* been giving me advice, in a subtle sort of way. Perhaps he'd been telling me that I mustn't worry about Gene's tempers, because they were nothing but the result of too much energy; and that in time Gene would "settle down," as he'd put it. Meanwhile, couldn't I go on, making things as pleasant for Gene as I could?

That was my resolution, but in another week I learned that it would have made no difference what I resolved. I could not leave Gene, whether I wanted to or not.

We'd never talked much about having children, Gene and I. I wanted some, of course, but when I'd mentioned the subject, once or twice, Gene had only laughed and said there was time enough for that later, so that I knew he really preferred not to have any. But now—

Well, now, I thought, mentally setting my chin, he'd simply *have* to like it. He probably wouldn't take to the idea at first, but once the baby had come it would make all the difference in the world to us. It would bring us closer together—because once he'd held his baby in his arms, of course he'd not be able to resist it.

That was the way I argued with myself, but I refused to admit one other reason why the thought of having a baby filled me with happiness. It was because in spite of everything I tried to think, I knew now that Gene did not love me as much as I had once loved him—and would love him still, if he would only let me. I needed some-

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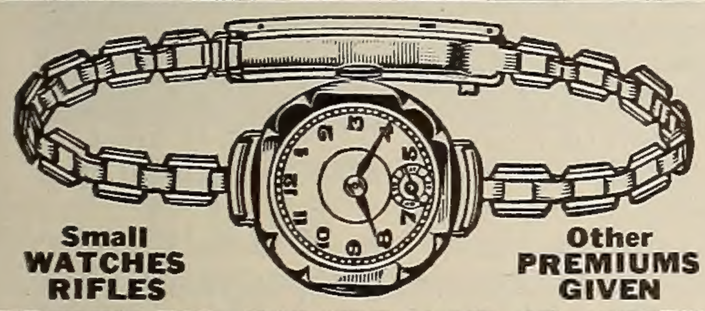

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thing that would be mine, taking all the love I had to give it and then returning it to me, multiplied again and again.

As long as I could, I put off telling Gene, but after all, that wasn't very long. If I hadn't told him when I did, he would soon have guessed.

It was just as I had expected. He listened to the news blankly, as if he couldn't believe it; he wanted to know if I were sure, and when I said I was his face darkened with a kind of hopeless anger.

"A baby!" he said. "That's just what we need!—when there's hardly enough room in this place for two, or enough money coming in to feed us! Good Lord, Arda—and you even act pleased."

"I am," I said stoutly. "And you will be too, after the baby's here. You will—I know you will!" I had to keep repeating that hope, to him as well as to myself, so that I would be sure to believe it—as if repetition would make it true.

Gene shoved a hand through his thick, dark hair. "Oh, sure," he said, "you bet. I'll be just crazy about falling over a crib every time I come into the house, or being kept awake all night after working down in the station fourteen or fifteen hours. That'll be wonderful."

I WANTED to cry, but I forced the tears back. Gene wasn't as selfish as he sounded—I *knew*, because if he were, how could I have loved him so?

"I'm sorry," I said gently and sincerely. "I mean, I'm sorry the baby's coming just now, when other things don't seem to be going along just right, and I'm sorry you—you don't want it as much as I do. But—well, there's nothing we can do about it anyway."

"Nope," he said glumly. "I guess there isn't."

Neither of us mentioned our standing arrangement whereby I took charge of the station in the afternoons. Pride kept me silent. If Gene himself wasn't going to suggest that naturally I couldn't continue, I wouldn't say anythng. I could go on for a while, anyway, I told myself. I always felt well enough in the afternoons, and exercise was supposed to be good for you. And I passionately wanted to do nothing that would interfere with Gene's freedom. I couldn't stand another clash with him.

Not, I thought often on those long, sunny autumn afternoons, that it made much difference whether I tended the station or stayed upstairs. There weren't many customers to wait on. One by one the regulars had stopped coming to us, until only old Mrs. Chandler and a few others were left. I asked Gene to bring down one of the comfortable chairs from the living room and put it in the office, and for hours at a time I would sit there, doing nothing, trying not to think.

Something terrible had happened to Gene and me. Something—I didn't know what. We didn't quarrel actively any more; we seemed to have reached an understanding, but it was a bad understanding. Gene no longer kept up any pretense of doing repair work. He had lost all interest in the station—and in me. As long as I made it possible for him to get away for long periods of time he was content to drift along. But he couldn't drift forever. In another month or so I would have to stop waiting on cars. It had been a mistake to start, really. Gene's halfhearted objection when I first suggested the plan had been right—it made

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10¢ and 25¢

DO *You* ENVY SUCH *Charm* AND *Allure?*

DENIED YOU BECAUSE OF—

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And yet do you realize that many women who once took this very same attitude have had the entire picture changed for them by using *SIROIL?* So why don't you try *SIROIL? SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. And remember, it is sold to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-18, Detroit, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

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W-A-R-N I-N-G **Reserve Your Copy of Next Month's RADIO MIRROR Today!**

Paper restrictions now in force make it utterly impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to supply the great demand that exists for it. This means that many persons will not be able to secure their copies when they ask for them at the newsstands. Do not risk disappointment. Take steps **now** to prevent it by instructing your newsdealer to reserve your copy of next month's and succeeding issues. It will take only a moment of your time and will assure you of receiving your copy of RADIO MIRROR each month as issued. In your own best interests attend to it **today!**

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DO evenings find you dull and tired, pepless, without energy? Do minor aches and pains, nervousness, irritability, take the fun out of life? Are you just half alive?

How glorious life can be when you're feeling **energetic, young, up to par!** When you awake each morning **refreshed, peppy,** ready for a long, full day! Don't rob yourself of the joy of living—because you're tired, run-down, irritable. Check up on yourself; you may not feel sick, but like thousands of people, your system may be starving for Vitamins and Minerals.

VITAMINS PLUS IRON

Try IRONITED VITAMINS! Each tablet contains Vitamin A equivalent of 6 raw eggs (*for better sight, vigor, growth, resistance to infections*); Vitamin B1—the energy vitamin—equivalent of one and one-half loaves of bread (*for better appetite and digestion, steadier nerves*); Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—equal to 6 servings of beef liver (*aids energy*); and **IRON—the good, rich, red-blood builder.** One tablet gives your full daily minimum requirement of all four. Full three weeks' supply costs only $1, direct from us. Try IRONITED VITAMINS on Money-Back Guarantee! Get started—clip coupon today!

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON!

Ironited Vitamin Products, Dept. 31
6605 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send me 3 weeks' supply of IRONITED VITAMINS. I will try them for 10 days. Then if I do not feel 100% satisfied, I will return balance of tablets for refund. I will pay Postman $1.00 plus a few cents postage.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Does Gas Keep You Awake Nights?

GAS often seems to be at its worst during the night. Frequently, it seems to work up into chest and throat when one lies down, which makes one feel smothery and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier. Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains pepsin to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine KONJOLA Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

SEND FOR SAMPLE

You can prove its action by sending 10c for trial sample to KONJOLA, P. O. Box 206, Dept. AW, Port Chester, N. Y.

people, particularly men, uncomfortable to have a girl checking their tires or soiling her hands with their oil.

One afternoon one of the gasoline tanks ran dry, and when I telephoned the oil company for some more they told me politely they couldn't deliver it unless I had the cash to pay. When Gene came home and I told him, he said angrily that they'd made a mistake. I knew they hadn't, but I was too sick at heart to contradict him, or even to make an effort to find out how much we really owed.

I felt as if I were caught in a web of weariness, under some kind of spell which made it impossible for me to exert myself. I should have told Gene I couldn't take care of the station any more, I should have insisted on talking over our financial affairs, I should have seen a doctor . . . but I did nothing.

"Tomorrow," I said, and the next day—"Tomorrow."

THAT tomorrow came at last, but it held tragedy for me.

It was an afternoon like any other. Gene was gone and I was downstairs. I hadn't been sleeping well at night, and I must have been dozing in my chair, because a car had driven in before I heard it. When the driver blew his horn impatiently I started to my feet, twisting my ankle, not painfully but just enough to make me clutch the back of the chair to save myself from falling. I hardly thought of the incident as I went quickly outside.

But five minutes later, after the customer had driven away, I knew with sudden, horrible certainty that something was wrong. Terror-stricken, I started up the stairs to the apartment. If I could only lie down for a minute, perhaps I'd be all right. . . .

The stairs towered endlessly above me. I took the rail in both hands, but I couldn't pull myself up. Circular waves of darkness flowed in upon me and burst into deeper darkness. I couldn't move, couldn't open my mouth to call out, and I felt myself falling.

It was old Mrs. Chandler who found me there some time later.

The memory of those hours is dim and twisted, made up of voices that one minute were far away and then terrifyingly close, of movement and lights and hurrying footsteps and a strange sensation of floating. Through it all, one fact stood out in starkest clarity—I had lost my baby.

No one had told me. I simply knew.

At last I fell asleep—they must have given me a sedative—and when I woke up sunlight was streaming into the window beside my hospital bed. I was weak, but I felt comfortable and relaxed . . . for a moment, until I remembered. Then I just lay there, looking up at the smooth white plaster of the ceiling. I didn't move when a nurse came in and bent over me, smiling and taking my pulse. I think she spoke and I answered her, but I didn't really hear her until she said:

"Mr. Gorman's waiting outside. You can see him for a few minutes."

I turned my head away from her.

"I don't want to see him," I said. "I don't ever want to see him again."

Is it only sorrow and disappointment speaking, or does Arda really mean that she never wants to see Gene again? Have these two still a chance for happiness? Be sure to read the exciting third installment of "If Love Were All" in the June RADIO MIRROR, *on sale at all newsstands April 7.*

Charm-Kurl
PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 59¢

JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

USERS *Praise* IT

Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

GIVES NATURAL WAVE
"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave," Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

LASTED 9 MONTHS
"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

MAKES HAIR LOOK NATURAL CURLY
"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL
"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS
"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectations and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

THRILLED WITH CHARM-KURL
"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

DELIGHTED WITH RESULTS
"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl permanent. It is soft and fluffy, and it was the most 'painless' permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Stites, Utah.

PRETTIEST PERMANENT I EVER HAD
"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moultrop, Washington.

FAY McKENZIE starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST

Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE Up to $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz. of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 . . . enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY

Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 59c plus postage (or $1.00 plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 421, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 421. 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

You may send me a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with 40 Curlers, Shampoo and Waveset. On arrival I will deposit 59c plus postage with my postman, with the understanding that if for any reason I am not satisfied, you guarantee to refund the purchase price immediately. I am to receive FREE with each kit an extra supply of material, sufficient for 16 oz. of wave set.

If you desire 2 kits sent COD for $1.00 plus postage, check here ☐

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